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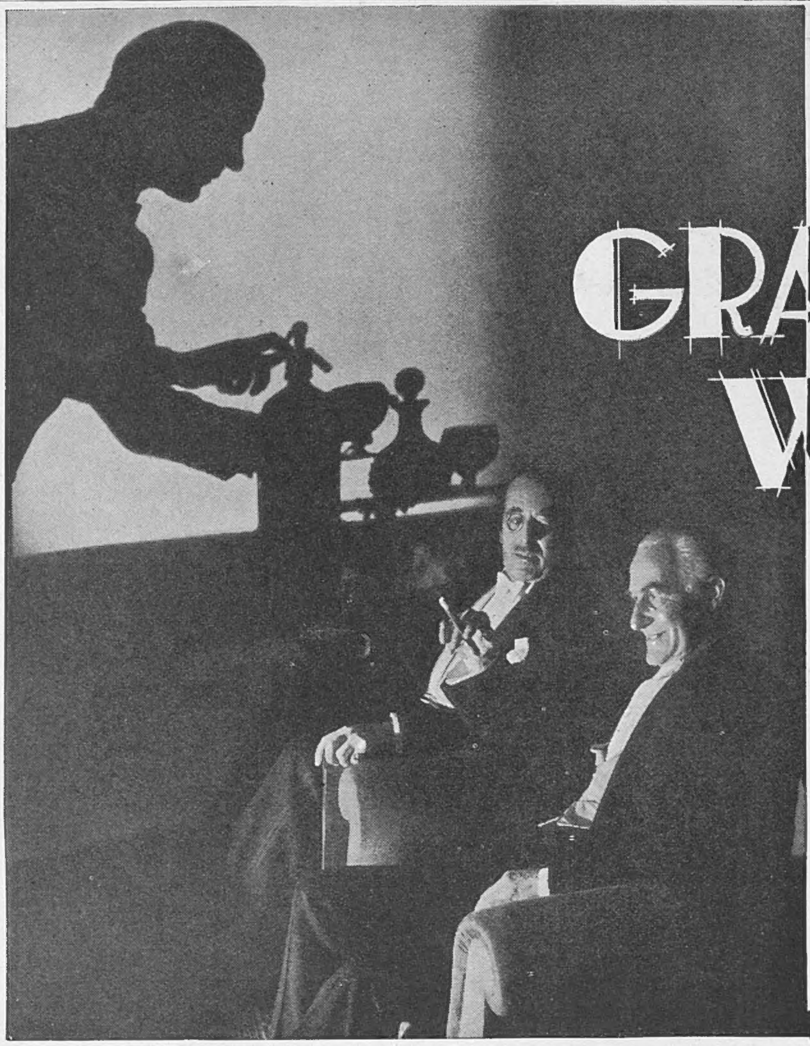

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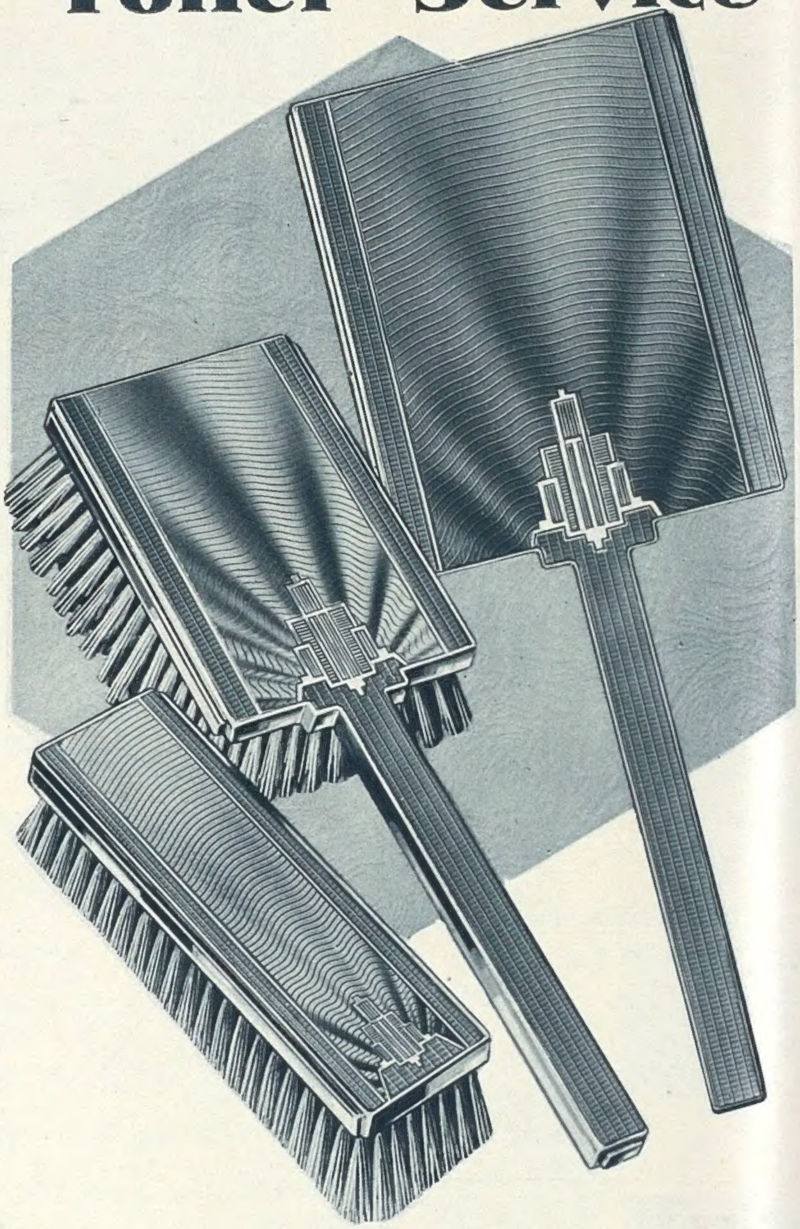

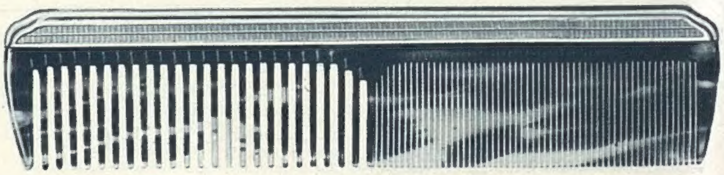

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The Sketch

No. 2171.—Vol. CLXVII. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

TAUBER'S SCHUBERT.

"BLOSSOM TIME," the new B.I.P. film which was made at Elstree under the direction of Paul L. Stein, is a big hit and one of the best of British pictures. All London is going to the Regal to see—and hear—the famous tenor RICHARD TAUBER in the leading rôle, that of Schubert. Many of the famous composer's best-known songs are introduced and, of course, form one of the film's chief attractions. The cast also includes Miss Athene Seyler, Miss Jane Baxter, Mr. Carl Esmond, and Mr. Lester Matthews.

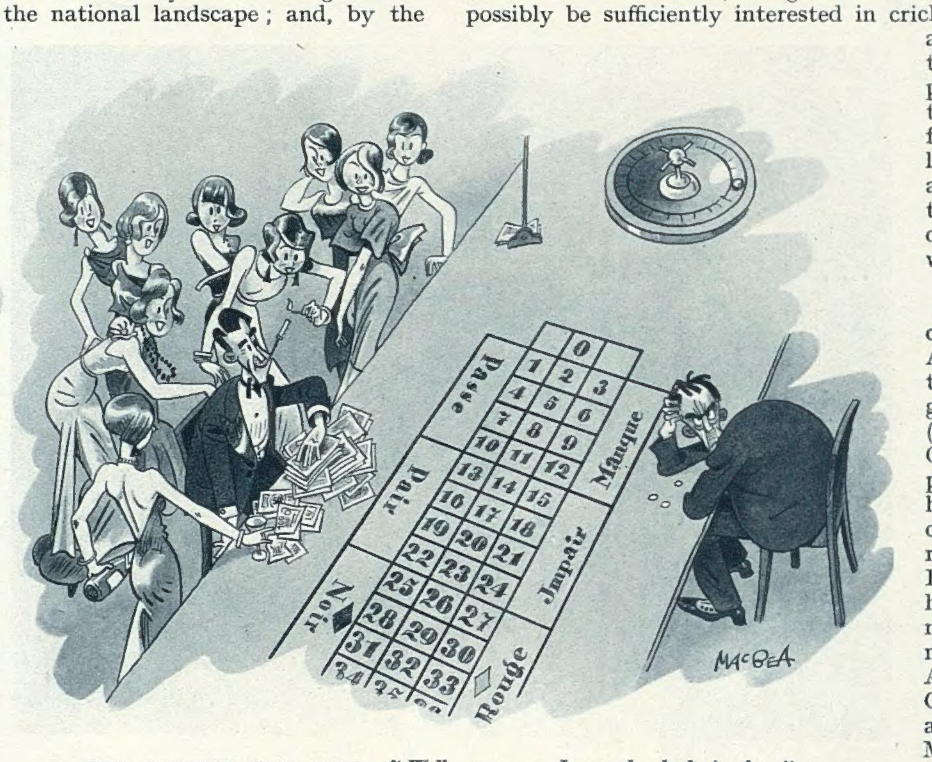
MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

OVAL THOUGHTS.

OVAL thoughts, like those of youth, are long, long thoughts. They go floating mistily through the mind during long intervals of semi-consciousness, especially when Mr. Grimmett is bowling and our most distinguished batsmen have gone off into a trance. . . .

Dear old Oval! Familiar scene where almost every blade of grass (rather fewer of them than usual this year) bears the imprint of Hobbs! Verily, verily (be careful about that, Compositor; it is not Verity, Verity), the Englishman takes his pleasures sadly! Is there in the world any other national pleasure-ground with such austere surroundings to bring frivolous man back to the grim realities of life? It is not too much to say that those gas-tanks are a prominent feature on the national landscape; and, by the way, I know you think I ought to call them gasometers, but I am *not going to*, because there has been a great controversy lately about the correct use of English, and I was brought up to believe that a gas-tank is a different thing from a gasometer. I repeat, the gas-tanks: the stately gas-tanks of Kennington, how beautiful they stand! For me, international cricket would not be the same thing without them, any more than the Embankment would be the same thing without Cleopatra's Needle. I know all about that marvellous score-board at Sydney, but it is not a *monument* like the Kennington gas-tanks; it hasn't grown up with cricket, as they have. As I gaze at them, I wonder dreamily whether any of those giants of yore, of whom we hear so much, ever lifted a ball on to them. Apparently the giants of yore were always doing things like that. I wish Herbert would do it, instead of just patting those googlies to silly-point, who must be frightfully bored with them by now. . . .



THE GAMBLER WHO LOST: "Well, anyway, I get the luck in love."

DRAWN BY MACBEA.

Look at all these people, twenty-five thousand of them, on a Monday, which is supposed to be a working-day. Haven't any of them got anything to do? Can the world's work be done when twenty-five thousand Englishmen sit all day long on a week-day watching a mere game (or what used to be a mere game)? . . . Well, what about yourself, old boy? What right have *you* to be here? Aren't there things to be done at home? Oughtn't you, for instance, to be writing some "Motley Notes"? Mind your own business, and don't be such a kill-joy. . . .

Isn't it amazing that they think it worth while? Thousands of them have been standing for hours in a queue—some of them half the night. There they sit, shoulder to shoulder, on adamantine asphalt or on the bare earth. The sun blazes down on them, and I can't think that those handkerchiefs they put on their heads are really much good as solar topees. If it rains, they will be reduced to pulp. It is hot: they ache and perspire. Can any game possibly be worth it? Obviously not; but they're loving it! They wouldn't miss it for a king's ransom! Mad, all mad; a nation of lunatics. . . .

And you are one of them, my lad. If it comes to that, you are none too comfortable yourself. People who have to calculate seating capacity always seem to work on a rather conservative basis; I dare say the average is scientifically accurate, but there never seem to be enough thin people to compensate for the fat people. Anyhow, I wish those two fat men along there were in another row; it seems to me that they are getting rather more than their money's-worth. It is certainly an acrobatic feat to cross one's legs without maiming one's neighbours; the man behind me obviously can't do it; I am no better than a door-mat to him. Never mind, we must live and let live, kick and let kick; we are all here to enjoy ourselves! All the same, if the clumsy brute does it again . . .

This lad next to me is quite a nice child; and his father, the doctor, who admits frankly that he is neglecting his patients, he's a good sort, too. We are now on intimate terms, and keenly appreciate each other's society. However, I think that the lad and I have exhausted most of the possibilities of conversation. We long ago decided What's Wrong with England, and how we should play O'Reilly, and what we should do if we were Mr. Wyatt. We really can't go over it all again. I begin to be conscious that my answers are a little curt; I must make a greater effort. . . . These two elderly ladies in front of me—they're charming: one of them not merely lent, but gave me a pencil to enter up the score—insisted on it. Nice creatures; we get on famously. But how can they possibly be sufficiently interested in cricket to come and sit here all day, and to know all the Christian names of the players and all about their careers and performances? I should not like to challenge them on any point of cricket statistics. Such demure-looking old ladies—it's a queer world! . . .

Why do I observe in the crowd so many of our Aryan cousins? Why does this strange, irrational game exercise such a spell (apparently) upon the Orient? The question is purely rhetorical, and I have not the faintest idea of the answer; the fact remains that the Gorgeous East is here in force. I hope the Swarajists have not come to gloat over the misfortunes of England. Anyhow, I don't think Gandhi will need to observe a fast over this final Test Match. . . .

There's a large lady in brilliant mauve over there who is offering to fight the crowd. Evidently somebody has said something to annoy her. Naughty, naughty—she has given a man a whack on the jaw. She seems to be a woman of spirit. Ah, you shouldn't have done that—you shouldn't have tried to give the policeman a straight left; that was a mistake of tactics! Now I'm afraid you won't see any more of the match. A pity—such an enthusiast, too. . . .

This chap Bradman, now. How does he do it? On and on, for ever and for ever, hundred after hundred, never relaxing concentration, never making a mistake. *I* can't do it. How does he? Why should he? It's not fair. . . .

I wonder how many newspapers there are on the ground? I've counted several thousand blowing across the pitch, but there must be millions more. . . . Battalions, legions of fellows in Fleet Street scribbling away like mad to fill those newspapers with peppy reading-matter, and all—just litter! . . .

Poor old So-and-So! He's dropped another catch, and if he hadn't, the match might have been all different. Never mind, old chap, I for one won't be hard on you. I've done it myself. *I* know how you're feeling. All the same, if you could field cricket-balls as well as you can field newspapers—no, that's unkind. . . .

So it's all over. Dust to dust and ashes to ashes. . . .

GRAN'POP MAKES A JIG-SAW PUZZLE.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD, F.Z.S. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

WATER-SPORTING IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT:

BEMBRIDGE Regatta took place last week in fine weather. It is a great day for all the inhabitants of the little town, who take part in dinghy races, swimming contests, greasy-pole displays, and so on. The Sailing Club is dressed for the occasion, and Regatta Day is the only date in the year when children and dogs are allowed within its sacred precincts.

1. *MISS T. CONGDON, MR. DEREK MOORE-BRABAZON, and MISS RENNIE.*
2. *MRS. TONY BELLVILLE.*
3. *MISS MARY CAMPBELL (left), daughter of Sir Charles Campbell, Bt. She is with MISS NAN MELLOR.*
4. *MISS NIVEN, MRS. and MAJOR MUSKER.*
5. *MISS CHRISTINE OPPENHEIM (right) and MISS BETTY CUNNINGHAM.*
6. *MISS DIANA MILLS and MISS BETTY CUNNINGHAM (right).*

BEMBRIDGE REGATTA—SPECTATORS AND COMPETITORS.

MISS JOAN TURNOR (left) is having a talk with MISS JEAN WALCOTT.

(Centre) MISS SUSAN DAVENPORT and MISS NAN MELLOR (right) were two of the attractive girls at the Regatta.

MISS PEGGY PHILIPS, MR. NORMAN PHILIPS, and MRS. PHILIPS are the three in this group.

MISS DOROTHY FANE, MISS ANGELA MANNING (r.), MR. DAVID CLEWES, and MR. ROBERT FANE. Miss Manning is the daughter of Mr. T. S. Manning, the Commodore of the Sailing Club.

(Left) MISS PEGGY PHILIPS and MR. NORMAN PHILIPS.

(Right) MISS GRETA TURNBULL and MISS DIANA WOODROFFE (r.)

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

BALLYCOTTON was discovered and made famous as a sea-fishing centre by members of the British Sea Anglers' Society. At one time quite a number of the members met there every year and had great sport. Of recent years one hears the "good old Ballycotton days" referred to occasionally, and one or two of the old habitués still revisit the place, but they generally record a decrease in the size and numbers of fish taken as compared with the old days. That good fishing is still to be had there is evident from an account I have just received. Mr. Allan K. Jackson and Mr. F. R. L. Barratt, of Dublin, spent six days at Ballycotton, from Aug. 6 to Aug. 11, and landed a total weight of 2793 lb. of fish. Their catch consisted of 197 pollack up to 12 lb., average weight, 6 lb.; 40 conger up to 30 lb., average 10 lb.; 23 bream up to 5 lb.; 5 pouting; 9 cod up to 17 lb.; 3 skate up to 104 lb.; 3 "cuckoo fish"; 1 ling; 1 tope; and 184 dogfish. Most of the fish were taken on rod and line, but hand-lines were also used.

The Conger King.

Since his portrait alongside the 44-lb. conger eel appeared in *The Sketch* of Aug. 22, Mr. H. A. Kelly called on me to make a complaint. In the process of reproducing the photograph Mr. Kelly's chin was adorned with a week's stubble, and this has provided all his friends with an excellent opportunity to display their wit. Having seen him in the flesh and drunk his health, I can testify to his present unbearded state. What is more, I have his assurance that he did not forget his razor when he went to Dungeness, nor was he so busy landing conger that he had no time to use it. I entirely sympathise with Mr. Kelly in his anxiety to disassociate himself with this beard which *The Sketch* thrust upon him, and I think it is only fair to publish this disclaimer. When he found I was most penitent about the beard, the "Conger King" told me a lot about conger fishing, and finished up by confessing that he is a keen freshwater angler, and gets a bigger thrill out of landing a 1½-lb. roach than any conger he has ever hooked.

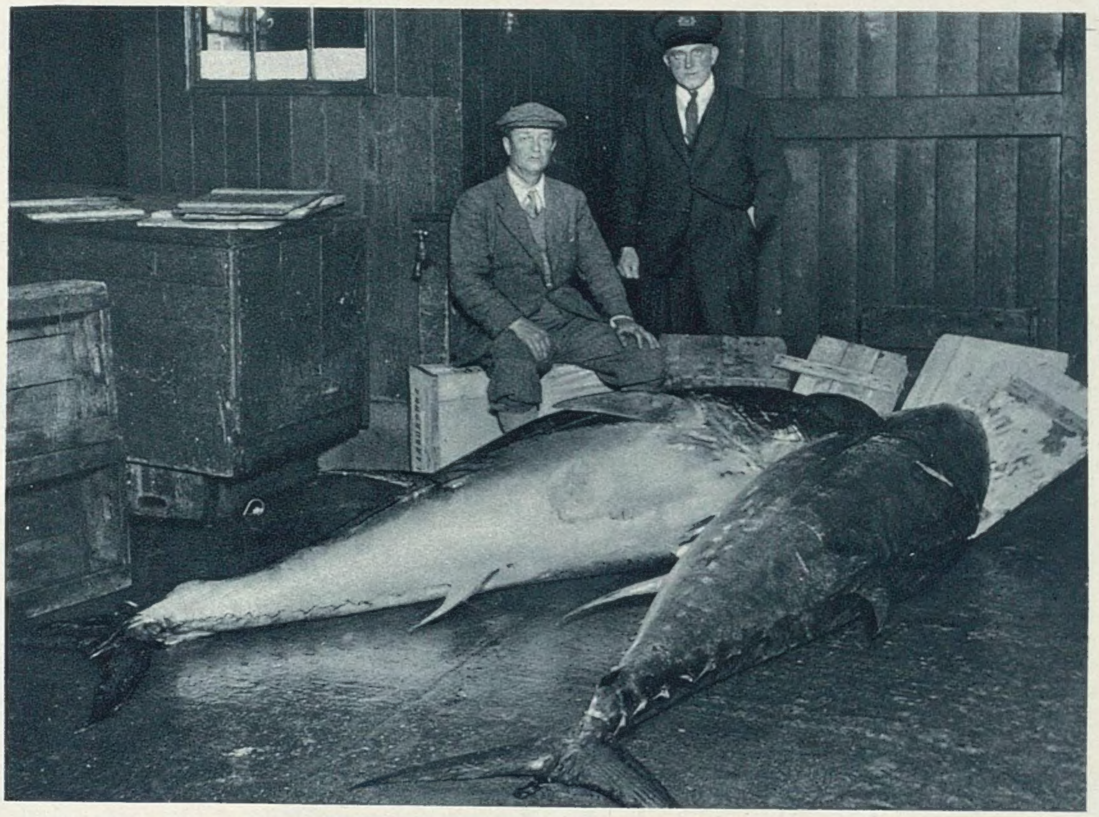
The New "Mitchell-Henry" Big-Game Reel.

One morning recently I spent a most interesting half-hour in a workshop while Mr. Mitchell-Henry demonstrated his latest reel for big-game fishing. For over eight weeks he has laboured in his own workshop perfecting this model, which is unquestionably a wonderful piece of mechanism and a great improvement on previous models. One great advantage it possesses is that the principle of construction can be applied to reels of moderate size, which was not possible with the last model. With this reel, Mr. Mitchell-Henry has started where most other big-game reels finish. They may be capable of landing a 1000-lb. fish, whereas Mr. Mitchell-Henry has designed his reel for catching 1000-pounders, and it may be capable of landing a fish of double that weight.

To demonstrate the lift and control, a box of cartridges weighing over 30 lb. was tied to the end of a strong cord running over a pulley and on to the drum of the reel. The box might have been empty, so easily was it lifted. A slight backward movement of the handle, and it slowly descended, stopped, and started with each movement of the reel handle. Then up again, and a touch on a button made the drum free and the box dropped suddenly, to be checked within an inch or two of the floor as the powerful brake was operated. It occurred to me that a box of cartridges is not the ideal weight for testing reels, even if it happened to be the most handy. The instantaneous change from a medium drag to prevent over-run to a free-running spool, then a heavy brake, is a masterpiece of ingenious mechanism. With only a small amount of line on the drum, which, of course, gives the greatest leverage on the handles, Mr. Mitchell-Henry pulled an 85-lb. spring balance to its limit without any sign of exertion. As the strength of the wind-in can be increased by fitting a second handle on the other side of the reel, the full power that can be exerted is enormous. The reel is immensely strong and weighs 22 lb. If a moderately-sized reel were made on the same principle, it would be ideal, I should think, for general big-game fishing.

The Kingfisher Vindicated.

Most anglers look upon kingfishers as far more destructive to fish life than could be tolerated, were it not for the pleasure that their presence bestows as manifold compensation. Excepting in hatchery ponds, where even a kingfisher dare not show himself with impunity, this most exquisite of our native birds is safe from molestation, and more than welcome on our rivers and streams. I was pleased to see that Dr. W. E. Collinge has given the kingfisher a good report in his work, "The Food of Some British Wild Birds." He estimates the amount of food fish consumed by the kingfisher as only 7·28 per cent. The amount of neutral fish consumed is 53·29 per cent. I presume the term "neutral fish" would include minnows, sticklebacks, and other small coarse fish, and therefore the kingfisher may be regarded on a trout stream more as a competitor of the trout than as a very destructive enemy. Dr. Collinge's percentages have been borrowed to supplement a series of Bird Food Charts issued by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. Each chart has a coloured picture of the bird by Mr. Roland Green, and shows in colour the percentages of food, useful, harmful, or neutral in the interests of man, which are consumed.



COLONEL E. T. PEEL broke the British Tunny Club's record for big fish by catching A TUNNY WEIGHING 812 LB. (left), which he landed at Scarborough last week. He played the big fish for nearly an hour, forty-eight miles from shore; and he also caught two others, the 614-pounder shown on the right in this photograph, and one of 571 lb.—which brings his bag this season up to five. He held the previous record for fish caught under the British Tunny Club's rules with a tunny of 798 lb. He is the seated figure.

Erratic Behaviour of "Fish" Hooked while Night Fishing.

Night fishing for sea-trout on the River Fowey, below Lostwithiel, Mr. A. E. C. Marriott rose and hooked what he imagined to be a good fish. He played it for a while and succeeded in bringing it into shallow water, when, to his amazement, the "fish" ran across the mud and went to ground in a hole in the bank, taking about four feet of the cast with it. The "fish" was a rat, as Mr. Marriott discovered when he managed to get it out of the hole, and he found his fly well hooked in the rat's hindquarters. This reminds me of a somewhat similar incident related by C. Attwood Clark in his latest book, "For Fishermen Only," which I have not yet finished reading. Mr. Clark had been watching an otter and cubs at play, and later, when he was fishing, he saw in the half-darkness what he took to be one of the otter-cubs swimming across the pool. He flicked his fly towards it and, by a surprising fluke, hooked it at the first cast. The captive was duly brought to the bank and netted—it was not an otter, but a hedgehog, as Mr. Clark realised when he put his hand in the net.

R. L. MARSTON.

WHEN FRED MAY WAS LAST A-FISHING: A CREEL OF CARICATURES.

Our weekly feature, "When I Was Last a-Fishing," has inspired Fred May to caricature some well-known anglers who have fished on most rivers in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and anywhere else that they happened to be! LORD GLANUSK, D.S.O., who was in the Guards, has excellent waters in the Usk Valley and is himself a good hand. He is President of several fishing associations, and is known to his many friends as "Toby." His sister, the HON. MRS. A. COOPER, is the Lady Salmon-Fly Champion; and his mother, EDITHA LADY GLANUSK, is a fine sportswoman. LORD TREVETHIN is a G.O.M. (Grand Old Man) of the game, and is a former Lord Chief Justice. MR. GARSED PRICE is last year's Salmon-Fly Casting Champion; MR. W. M. PLEVINS is the World's (Amateur) Salmon-Fly Champion; and MR. R. D. HUGHES holds the European Trout-Fly Championship. MR. VAUGHAN PHILLIPS is bailiff to many waterways in the South-West.

BIG GAME FISHING
TUNNY ANGLERS

1. *BARON HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD (l.), aboard his yacht "Eros" off Scarborough, is seen chatting with M. GUY HERPIN and MR. HAROLD HARDY (r).*
2. *MR. MAURICE HOLGATE, of Blackburn, with his 642-lb. tunny on board the boat "Prospect."*
3. *These are the big ships of the Tunny Fleet off Scarborough. "Viva II.," which is seen on the left, was last year the property of Mr. Sopwith, and is now owned by Mr. Sigrist, his partner. The "ST. GEORGE" is on the right. She belongs to Col. Peel, President of the British Tunny Club.*
4. *MR. FRED TAYLOR, of Manchester. He was one of the first on the tunny game.*
5. *MR. T. D. SHEPHERD, of Norwood, London, with his 743-lb. tunny, on board the yacht "Joanna," which he chartered for the sport. MR. H. HARDY, secretary of the Tunny Club, is on the right.*
6. *LT. TERRY, R.N., with his big capture, the 756-lb. tunny caught some thirty miles off Scarborough under British Tunny Club rules. He had a two hours' fight with the fish.*

AT SCARBOROUGH : AND TUNNY CATCHES.

7. MAJOR G. CROMPTON with his 663-lb. catch. He went to the tunny-fishing grounds in an ordinary open cobble boat, the "Geoffrey."
8. MR. W. DOWDING posed alongside his tunny with members of the crew of his boat. The fish weighed 745 lb.
9. M. MATOSSIN, a Greek angler, of Alexandria, came all the way from Egypt for the sport. He fished from a drifter, "Sure Find," and was lucky first time, as he had four on the hook, although he lost them. This is his first catch, a 500-pounder.
10. MR. TOM LAUGHTON, brother of the famous actor Charles Laughton, is at work on the high seas. This picture, which was taken at the end of last season, shows how the angler works with his fisherman at the oars.
11. Here a tunny angler is fixing up his rod and line aboard a keel boat at sea, after an all-night approach to the grounds.
12. Here is LADY BROUGHTON in her tunny outfit. She is very keen on the sport. Last year she landed some fine tunny, angling from the "Silver Line," a trawler. She will fish again from the "Silver Line" this year.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VICTOR HEY.

DEAUVILLE ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

A fascinating, exotic-looking visitor to Deauville wore a sun-bathing costume of printed crêpe in an original design that suggested Oriental influence. The ground is white to show off her bronzed skin.

Another view of the Deauville sun-bathing suit, showing the bare-backed effect.

MRS. S. LEWIS TIMS, of New York, wore a very smart beach outfit at Deauville. It consisted of close-fitting khaki-brown cloth shorts and a white ribbed cotton mess jacket, cut like a midshipman's coat. This is the front view; with the wheel design on the vest visible.

This is the BACK VIEW of MRS. S. LEWIS TIMS' beach outfit.

DEAUVILLE never changes. There were more English this year—at the Golf—and the sun shone more consistently, but when we state that Deauville never changes we 're paying an immense compliment. In this age, when resorts last a season, beauties three, and a new tune 's old in a week (memo. for Carroll Gibbons. Learn the rumba), there 's much virtue in a place where people, amusements, and atmosphere are similar for several decades. What we like about Deauville is (*a*) the food, which at the Royal, the Normandy, and Ciro's is exceptional in its straight-from-the-farm quality and straight-from-the-range cooking; (*b*) the racing, which has had better gates this meeting than '32 and '33; (*c*) the *assistance*.

To enjoy the Grande Quinzaine fully it 's essential to know something about racing in France, the owners, trainers, jockeys, and, perferably, the horses. After a lazy morning looking at Paris mannequins in unbelievable beach clothes from pink elastic lace tights to the kilt of a Macedonian huntress tugging three spotted hounds, you drink Dubonnets to the Cubans, double back to the hotel (wearing a beach dress or dressing-gown, but never shorts), and change into a white or pastel crêpe dress, large straw hat or floppy velvet béret (as like a rhubarb leaf as possible), and white shoes. You also change some money. After a long lunch the hall is littered with racing men slinging race glasses or leaning confidentially together over coffee and brandies. On the first day you feel sure you 've missed the first race and arrive flustered at the course in a horse-cab at twenty minutes to three for two-fifteen. But in the sunny paddock, set with easy chairs under spreading trees, they 're shouting "*dernier compte jaune*" before the first race, which is run ten minutes later—allowing the Aga to complete his lunch in comfort. Incidentally, the Begum told us that he does all the ordering himself, and almost goes to market with a string bag. Their son is a great success, intelligent, blonde, and of a good disposition.

Now the people who count at Deauville are not the visiting fireman. Mayfair is welcome, but Newmarket more so. Even when patriotism prevented our nation from holidaying abroad, Deauville carried on because it 's essentially the playground of the Best People in France. Quiet, well-dressed, but not too smart (a delicate *nuance*), horsey yet feminine, the women keep themselves to the *Tribune des Dames*. Generally speaking, they have a great sense of humour, bring their schoolboys and schoolgirls racing for a treat, know a good horse and know when he 's not trying, hunt in the winter, and are much amused by the "celebrities" around them, realising, without wistfulness, that ladies of good family, such as themselves, are no longer *à la page*—in life or print.

You 'll notice the following—the Duchesse de Noailles, small, elderly, and of a commanding expression. She was a "regular" at Windsor (Castle, not Races) in the Edwardian era. The Comtesse de Viel-Castel, whose husband 's active in the *Société de l'Encouragement des Chevaux*, talking an Englishwoman's English, due to her mother having been one of us. The Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge, leading lady owner, in monkey fur. The Marquis de Saint-Sauveur, who trains for Lord Derby and for Lady Granard, talking to the Dudley Gilroys, who belong to the horsey American set of Kingsley Macombers, Alfred Parkers, Livingstone Fryers and Ralph Strassburgers, all resident this side except the last-named, who occasionally take a look at the legendary skyline. You 'll see all these about, Mesdames Parker and Gilroy suitably dressed in plain light dresses and shady hats—never in prints, the Englishwoman's prerogative, exercised by Mrs. Tanis Montagu, who brings guests from the Guinness stud.

A famous breeder of race-horses is the Comte Hubert-Louis de Pourtalès, and the Duc de Gramont in his straw hat is to Deauville what Lord Lonsdale is to the Horse Show. Another Duc is Luynes, nearly as small, young, and slight as his bride, daughter of the great South American owner, Unzue, whose stable disappointed. Mr. Unzue also has a straw hat. So has Miss Fanny Ward, but hers is crowned with baby blue feathers. Returning to the backbones of Deauville we meet charming Baronne de Villiers du Terrage and family, the boy wearing a knowing air like Sir William Bass, who stands wrapped in profound melancholy. The Comtesse Gaston de la Rochefoucauld, another charming person, is wearing a hat consisting of dark grey stockinette bandeau—the hair left bare—and immense celluloid brim. Her husband 's a cousin of the late Comte Jacques de Breteuil, and between them they 're related to most of France's great families. Baronne Edouard de Rothschild in a simple cream cape-coat has distinction. If you can sort the rest of the Rothschilds you deserve our job. They 're all about, as is the great beauty, Madame Robert de Revel, whose clothes would not be considered smart by London designers because they 're untrimmed. Last year we told you that every débutante should be brought to Deauville to study Madame Revel's wardrobe. This year her own daughter is a débutante.

SEEN RACING. Mrs. Vandy Beatty of the nice smile. Lord Carnarvon of the nice speaking voice. The Claude Leighs, now at Biarritz. Elvire Popesco, the toast of Paris' theatreland, whose next play in

At the Deauville polo ground. The HON. KEITH ROUS, MAJOR E. FANSHAWE (who has been playing above his own excellent form), and MR. A. W. MOSSELMANS, with the charming and sporting LEJEUNE TWINS, who combine looking decorative with riding, swimming, and ski-ing better than most women. Captain R. B. Lucas was the only member of the Bluebirds Team missing when this snapshot was taken.

costume has the topical title of "*Vive Le Roi.*" Verneuil wrote it, of course. Comtesse Jean de Segonzac, mother of two London Counts. Huguette ex-Duflos, the leading lady, and another Paris actress, Mlle. Rogez, with Gordon Selfridge *père*. Tristan Bernard, playwright, with square beard and an adorable 1870 appearance, cracking with two caricaturists, Sem, the inimitable, and Don, the contemporary. Have you noticed this age doesn't produce giants among caricaturists? Snapshots are, perhaps, sufficient burlesque.

SEEN AT POLO. The English Baronne de Pacquemont, whose husband plays with Couturié and Pastré, the French Aces. Mrs. Woolley-Hart watching with Prince Hans of Pless, the Comtesse de Saint-Quentin and Lady Poulett. The Lejeune twins going frantic about the success of their adopted team, the Bluebirds, including Keith Rous, Major Fanshawe (whose backhander is a joy to watch), and Lucas. Mrs. Clement Hobson, as usual, wearing lemon to match her hair, having lemon with her tea.

SEEN IN THE CASINO. Lady Latta concentrating beside Mrs. Berry Wall, whose husband dances even better than his highly eligible nephew, Harvey Ladew, M.F.H. of the Harford, County Maryland, U.S.A. Mrs. Yorke (Adela Biddulph), statuesque as in her débutante days, consulting with Thelma, Lady Furness, who has never looked more alluring than now. The new old-fashioned evening *décolletage* suits her milky skin, and she quite often smiles. Monocled Dr. Gavin and Aly Khan wearing a scar; Lord Dufferin looking dreamy, his wife flushed with excitement; Mrs. John Musker girlish, her husband for once without his yachting cap; Baronne Kahler, the Austrian beauty, talking to the Archduke Franz-Joseph; the Marquise Melchior de Polignac, most fascinating of the French-Americans, curtseying to the Archduke, her diamond necklace sparkling like her husband's famous champagne; the Maharajah of Rajpipla explaining that he hadn't wanted to be "pick-pocketed" by the conjuror during cabaret; and the two Miss Roches with Henry Russell, also "Smuts," soft-eyed as usual. Henry Duveen with daughter Anne changing chips; Marquesa Strozzi (who was Mrs. Moreton Frewen) in feathers; the Saviles and many more racing folk, including a nice display of trainers and Steve (not to be confused with Lord Carnarvon, now known as Steve II.); Lady Stanley supping chez Brummell with Mr. "Greek Syndicate" Zographos; Commander Philip de Crespigny telling a good story; George Elliot, not to be confused with the author of "Adam Bede"; Carman Cory, the Citroëns, Menier the *chocolatier*, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster (who arrived as we left), and George Calvocoressi winning.

GENERAL. We found ideal weather and lots of people at Villa d'Este on our way from Venice to Deauville. September's the smartest month. We hear Lord Francis Hill and Mr. Gaspard Ponsonby are staying with the Eddie Comptons on Mull, and that the Captain of Dunstaffinage confidently expects a record attendance at Oban. Inverness, on the other hand, may supplement the Games with "fuitba." A sad come-down.

CONGRATULATIONS to delicious Kay Hammond and Ronnie Leon on their heir, and to Jacqueline, popular daughter of popular "Jack" Hughes, Grenadier Colonel, on her engagement. Col. Hughes has a short handicap at golf and bridge and is an addition to any gathering. His wife's delightful; so it's only fair that their daughter should be wholly charming. Biarritz beckons.

(Left) The HON. MRS. "VANDY" BEATTY went to Deauville for the Grand Prix and yearling sales. She looked particularly well in cornflower blue with touches of lighter blue.

A group on the plage at Deauville at Mr. Beale's tent. The party includes MR. BEALE, ashore from his yacht "Cormbria"; COLONEL R. VAUGHAN-WILLIAMS; MRS. CHARLES HUNTER; MLLE. MARCELLE ROGEZ, the actress, with her mother and sister, MME. ROGEZ and MLLE. ROGEZ.

NORTH BERWICK AND ALNMOUTH: SHOTS BOTH SIDES OF THE BORDERS.

1. *LADY WORTHINGTON-EVANS, wife of Sir Shirley Worthington-Evans, Bt., had just hit a good drive at North Berwick when the camera-man took her.*
2. *MISS SHEILA] GRAHAME (left), twin daughter of Colonel Grahame of Over Glenny, and LADY CAROLINE AGAR, daughter of the late Earl of Normanton, are waiting their turn to play, at North Berwick.*
3. *The HON. MARY MONCK, younger sister of Viscount Monck, is golfing at North Berwick. Brigadier-General B. P. Portal is seen behind her, watching her shot.*
4. *The DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND and her elder daughter, LADY ELIZABETH PERCY, play golf at the Alnmouth Club, Foxton, Northumberland.*
5. *MR. ESMOND, the COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH, LADY URSULA MANNERS, MISS DIANA ESMOND, and LADY ISOBEL MANNERS, were all together at the first tee at North Berwick when the camera-man "got" them. The Ladies Ursula and Isobel Manners are daughters of the Duke of Rutland.*
6. *LADY O'NEILL (formerly Miss Anr Charteris) is a granddaughter of the Earl of Wemyss. She is a North Berwick enthusiast.*
7. *The COUNTESS OF ROSEBERY, MRS. ESMOND, and MR. LIONEL COHEN are here waiting to play at the Redan, the famous North Berwick short hole.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

CONVERSATION PIECE BY A CHARMING TRIO.

This attractive photographic conversation piece shows LADY HELEN SMITH with her son, JULIAN DAVID SMITH, and her very young daughter, JOANNA SMITH, in her sunny London drawing-room. Lady Helen is a daughter of the sixth Earl of Radnor, and married the Hon. David Smith, youngest brother of Viscount Hambleden, in 1931. Julian was born in 1932, and Joanna in May last.

DUNECHT'S BACHELOR HOST ENTERTAINS: LORD COWDRAY'S SHOOT.

1. *MR. P. C. OLDFIELD was one of the guests at Viscount Cowdray's shoot on the Hill of Fare, near Dunecht. The HON. MRS. ANTHONY MURRAY, twin sister of the host, is in the butt with Mr. Oldfield.*
2. *LADY ANNE BRIDGEMAN, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bradford, wore a Tyrolean jacket and shorts on the hill.*
3. *VISCOUNT COWDRAY, who succeeded his father last year, is the third holder of the title. He is with MISS CHRISTIE MILLER.*
4. *Our group of the guests at Dunecht, Lord Cowdray's Aberdeenshire seat, shows (l. to r.) MR. P. C. OLDFIELD; VISCOUNT COWDRAY, the host; LADY ANNE BRIDGEMAN, in Tyrolean costume, with a Shetland collie; LADY JOAN BRIDGEMAN; and (behind them) CAPTAIN G. E. PRIOR PALMER; MR. J. S. HOBHOUSE; MISS M. D. LESLIE, and (on the extreme right; seated) MR. G. R. JOHNSON-HOUGHTON. The party also included MR. J. LARKIN and MR. J. G. PHILLIMORE.*

THE WINGED VICTORY OF THE AIR AGE.

This striking statue, called "Victory Over the Air," symbolises the dominion over the air which man's mastery of the art of flight has given him. It is by the Italian sculptor Arturo Martini, and is on view at the first Italian Exhibition of Air Travel in Milan.

BIARRITZ DAYS AND BIARRITZ WAYS.

MAJOR JACK AIRD, outside the Prince of Wales's cabana at Biarritz, is chatting with attractive MRS. GERARD, wife of Colonel Charles Gerard. She is wearing a neat pale-pink summer dress, and Major Aird is in regulation snowy towels.

BOROTRA, immaculately clad in a striped jacket and evidently not thinking either of bathing or playing lawn tennis, is in laughing form at the Chambre d'Amour, with MISS MADELEINE FORBES and MRS. ROY GLEN (centre).

(Right) MR. and LADY VERONICA HORNBY are one of the most attractive Mayfair couples in Biarritz up to date. She has a variety of bathing-suits, and is here in a snappy black two-piece. Her tightly curled hair has a slightly Katharine Hepburn effect.

LADY LYONS was snapped by the piscine wearing white shorts and a half-green, half-white jumper, which is a most effective beach get-up.

(Left) MME. RÉNÉ LACOSTE, formerly Mlle. Simone Thion de la Chaume, the famous French golfer, is all ready for a competition at Chiberta. She married a lawn tennis star and has turned him into a creditable golfer.

(Right) MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH'S Dolly Vardon straw shows the new Chinese influence which has affected this season's beach hats. She wears it because she never sunbathes—a peculiarity she shares with several blondes.

ON THE KNAVESMIRE FOR EBOR DAY.

LADY SIBELL LYGON, daughter of Earl and Countess Beauchamp, is here chatting to SIR RICHARD SYKES, BT. She was about the tallest girl at York Races, where she was photographed on Ebor Day.

MR. B. HALL is standing on the left; while in the centre of the picture MISS DIANA LAMBTON may be seen studying her race card.

MRS. J. V. RANK, a well-known racing personality, is having a word with STEVE DONOGHUE, who rode Kingsem to victory in the Convivial Plate.

MAJOR "VANDY" BEATTY, who trained Gold Bridge, the winner of the Nunthorpe Sweepstakes, for his brother, the Admiral, is here talking to SIR "SCATTERS" WILSON and LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM.

LORD NORMANBY, MRS. GUY CARLETON, and LIEUT.-COMMANDER C. THOMPSON are the three in this group (l. to r.). Mrs. Carleton was Miss "Pooh" Paget.

LADY VIOLA DUNDAS, daughter of the Marquess of Zetland, and MR. "FENNY" EVANS are enjoying a good joke.

LADY MANTON, COLONEL BRIAN FAIRFAX, and CAPTAIN MILES GRAHAM are obviously in conference about the next race.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

SALZBURG is always socially as well as musically exciting at this time of the year, but I think it 's the first time that a betrothed royal couple have been among the audience at one of the festival concerts. Prince George and Princess Marina, his charming bride-to-be, are both genuine musical enthusiasts, and it will be interesting to see if, when we have another young royal *ménage* established in London, musical society will have the King's youngest son as a leader, and if his circle will become the rallying-point for distinguished musicians.

A great deal has been written about Prince George's appreciation of music. It is true that he is the only concert-goer among the King's sons, but the Princess Royal enjoys classical music, and, of course, a talent for composition and for playing various instruments is nothing new in our Royal House. Henry VIII. was a composer and an executant, Queen Elizabeth played the virginals, and the Stuart Kings loved music. And when Rossini visited England, did not George IV. delight to sing duets with the famous composer? Numbers from "La Cenerentola," which was so successfully revived this season, were among his favourites.

It was disappointing that it should pour with rain at the beginning of the racing at York, on both the Tuesday and the Wednesday. An army of mackintoshes met the eye, and since we have got used to rainless months, people have left off trying to have fun over waterproofs, and have relapsed into a uniform beige or white which makes a wet day duller than ever! Lady Broughton, who managed to tear herself away from her favourite sport of tunny-fishing at Scarborough, was a shining exception in her loud, gay, black and white checked silk one. Extremely nice. She was walking about with Lord Londesborough.

This is a very early photograph of PRINCESS MARINA OF GREECE, who is to marry our Prince George. She is seated on a foot-stool at the feet of her mother, PRINCESS NICOLAS OF GREECE. The other children are her sisters, PRINCESS OLGA (now Princess Paul of Yugoslavia) and PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

Later on the rain stopped, and we could count the smart caped suits worn by race-goers. Lady Milton had a brown coat and skirt with an ermine-edged cape, very smart; and wore the lightest horn-rimmed specs I 've seen for some time. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket's bands of blue dyed fox made her cape look exciting, and both she and Lady Milton had big flat pancake hats, so you can be sure they are not out of fashion yet!

Two pairs of engaged couples were going about looking all-radiant and smiling—Mr. Wilson Filmer and Miss Lettice Ward, and Miss Monica Lambton and Mr. Anstruther Gray; and there was one recent bride in her going-away dress of "hairy" blue tweed with an over-check of black. This was Lady Elizabeth Davis, whose husband, alas! could not be present, as he has already sailed for India, where she will shortly join him. She had, therefore, to make do with her brother, Lord Normanby, as escort.

The engagement of FRÄULEIN MARIANNE WINKELSTERN, the attractive dancer who appeared in "Casanova" at the London Coliseum, to MR. GEORGE HUBERT WILSON FOX, son of the late Mr. Henry Wilson Fox and of the Hon. Mrs. Wilson Fox, has been announced. The fiancés are seen salmon-fishing in Norway.

Mr. Anthony Lowther, nephew and second heir to Lord Lonsdale, does not go racing with the optimism of some people. He is obviously prepared to lose. When a girl-friend dashed up to tell him of a last-minute good thing, he asked her to put £1 on the "Tote" for him. She remonstrated about the dirtiness of the bundle of notes which he pulled out of his pocket, and he countered by saying, with a laugh, that it did not matter, as they would all go in bets. I hope they didn't.

Lady Fitzwilliam is always fond of coloured shoes, and I was much struck by the pale primrose pair she had to match her yellow tweed suit. Her youngest daughter, Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, who was looking very pretty, takes a serious interest in racing, and was to be seen with such knowledgeable companions as General "Mouse" Tomkinson, Sir "Scatters" Wilson, and Lord Scarbrough.

One of the amusing contrasts of the day was provided by the attitude of race-goers to the weather. Lady Burton, for instance, was determined not to get wet. She wore grey top-boots with zip fasteners which went well above the knee, and an all-enveloping black silk mackintosh, which was rendered quite decorative by a mass of little white pipings. Miss Sarah Churchill, on the other hand, was supremely indifferent to the weather. She wore no hat, but had her nicely set red-gold hair kept in its perfect waves by means of a hair-net.

PRINCESS MARINA already had the sweetest expression when a tiny baby. Here she is in the arms of PRINCESS NICOLAS OF GREECE in the summer of 1907. Her sisters, PRINCESS ELIZABETH and PRINCESS OLGA (now Princess Paul of Yugoslavia), are on the settee.

My final impressions of York Races were as follows: Lord Hawke is apparently as interested in racing as in cricket. He was with Lady Hawke, whose *lit-de-vin* dress was one of the best. Lady Manton and her sister, Mrs. FitzAlan Howard, were one of the smartest-looking pairs of sisters present. Lady Sibell Lygon was the tallest woman, and

The marriage of LADY MARY MEADE, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clanwilliam, to CAPTAIN ROBERT A. HERMON, the Royals, of the White House, Balcombe, Sussex, eldest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. E. W. Hermon, took place at St. Anne's Cathedral, Belfast.

Lady Alington, who was with her brother, Lord Ashley, had the longest hair. Lady Maureen Stanley had the most amusing umbrella. It was of golfing size, in blue, with a border of large pale-green spots.

. . . . . .

Lord and Lady Antrim have just been over to their Irish place, Glenarm Castle, where the new Lady Antrim, formerly Miss Angela Sykes, has conquered all hearts.

She is a very clever sculptor and interested in the arts, so it was highly suitable that the first official duty she had to perform was to open an Arts and Crafts Exhibition at Portrush. She dealt with this admirably, and the whole county can now do nothing but laud to the skies her charm and poise.

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Children's Pony Clubs are a real boon to parents, as the demands which they make on their members are a certain preventive of that dreadful holiday question, " And what shall we do to-day ? " Whether they are *quite* such a blessing to unsporting and exhausted visitors from London is another story. Some of us find it difficult to express admiration for the horses in suitable terms during the Sunday round of the stables, and are completely stumped when young enthusiasts show us a bridle in pieces and ask if we can put it together! This is one of the simplest operations which Pony Club members must be able to carry out in the shortest possible time.

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The Buccleuch Hunt and all the other Border Pony Clubs have been in a great state of excitement and activity of late, for Major Faudel - Phillips, a high official of the organisation, has been doing a round of visits of inspection and rallies have been held everywhere in Scotland in his honour.

The Buccleuch Hunt has one of the most flourishing of Pony Clubs. There are nearly a hundred members, and the standard of horsemanship is very high, for Miss Eildon McConnel, who teaches the children, is not only a successful horse-breaker, but seems to have the secret of giving her young pupils confidence and good seats. Lord Eskdaill, the eleven-year-old grandson of the Duke of Buccleuch; the Ladies Bridget and Willa Elliot; and young Lord Haig and his youngest sister, Lady Irene Haig, all belong. So do Lady Sybil Middleton's children, Harry and Mollie.

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Other news from Scotland is that Lady Jane Scrope, who is looking extremely well, has been paying a flying visit to her parents at Mertoun, her first since her marriage in February. The Scropes spent their honeymoon in Natal, and now that they are home, have been busy settling in Danby Hall, their lovely Yorkshire place. It is close to Peacock's training-ground at Middleham. This, naturally, adds to its charm for the Scropes, who are both extremely keen on racing.

Lady Susan Askew and her husband are also on the Borders, at Ladykirk, their home on the banks of the Tweed, near Coldstream. It's a most attractive place, with a heavenly view up and down the river—and some good fishing, of course. Lady Susan also is busy putting her house in order, so the sisters can go in for a friendly competition if they like.

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Talking of lovely places in Scotland leads me to Traquair, where Mr. Maxwell-Constable - Stewart is now in residence. It's a marvellous old house, and is said to be the oldest inhabited mansion in Scotland, for it dates from the year 900, as the tower at one corner is of that early period. Many Kings have come there to hunt since it was built, including David I., Malcolm IV., William the Lion, and some others. Mary, Queen of Scots, stayed there in 1566, and her bed - chamber and dressing-room are still to be seen. The bed has a very fine carved wooden head, painted green and gold; and she obviously had the modern passion for white rooms, as her bedspread is of white quilted satin. James I. (VI. of Scotland) left his cradle at Traquair after a visit, too, so that's a treasured possession.

There's some lovely petit point, and the furniture includes fine Chippendale pieces as well as examples of sterner earlier periods; and there are rare illuminated manuscripts in the library.

All the same, the house is definitely frightening, with its narrow passages, thick walls, and tiny windows, and there is a rather sinister secret way from the priest's room, running right under the Tweed.—MARIEGOLD.

When MISS BRITA NYSTRÖM, daughter of Mr. Karl Nyström, of Stockholm, married MR. FRANCIS ASTLEY, son of the late Rev. Aylmer Astley, at St. Clement Danes Church, she wore a crown, in accordance with Swedish custom.

The crown which MISS PENELOPE CUNARD, fourth daughter of the late Mr. I. Grant Cunard and of Mrs. Curran, wore at her marriage to MR. NIGEL DUGDALE, 17/21st Lancers, second son of Major and Mrs. Gordon Dugdale, of the Abbey, Cirencester, was of mediæval design, and most becoming. The ceremony took place at Chelsea Old Church.

PRINCESS MARINA AS ARTIST: A PORTRAIT BY PRINCE GEORGE'S FIANCÉE.

PRINCESS MARINA OF GREECE is not only interested in the arts, but is herself an artist, thus taking after her father. This is a black-and-white portrait-sketch by the Princess of Mrs. William Perry George, the wife of Mr. W. P. George, who was Secretary of the American Legation at Belgrade when Princess Marina was staying with her sister, Princess Olga of Jugo-Slavia.

1. *PRINCESS NICOLAS OF GREECE is the mother of Princess Marina, whose engagement to H.R.H. Prince George has just been announced. She is a daughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia.*
2. *PRINCE NICOLAS OF GREECE, father of Princess Marina, is a son of King George I. of Greece. He is a first cousin of our King.*
3. *PRINCE GEORGE and PRINCESS MARINA at Salzburg.*
4. *This family group, taken at a charity bazaar in Belgrade, shows (l. to r.) PRINCESS ELIZABETH of Greece, QUEEN MARIE of Yugoslavia, PRINCESS PAUL of Yugoslavia, and PRINCESS MARINA of Greece. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Paul of Yugoslavia are the sisters of Princess Marina.*
5. *After the engagement: PRINCE GEORGE is seen about to start off with PRINCESS MARINA on the journey from Salzburg to Bohinjsko Lake. Each smokes a cigarette.*
6. *The summer home of Prince and Princess Paul of Yugoslavia is on the shores of the Bohinjsko Lake (right). It was here that Prince George proposed*

THE ROYAL ENGAGEMENT: PRINCE GEORGE AND PRINCESS MARINA.

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A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

CAMERA-PORTRAIT BY BERTRAM PARK.

PRINCE GEORGE'S BRIDE - TO - BE : PRINCESS MARINA OF GREECE.

There was general delight last week over the announcement of the betrothal of H.R.H. Prince George, youngest son of their Majesties the King and Queen, to PRINCESS MARINA OF GREECE. She is the youngest of the three daughters of Prince Nicolas of Greece and Princess Helen, and is a great-granddaughter of King Christian IX. of Denmark, who is also the great-grandfather of Prince George, for he was the father of our Queen Alexandra. Princess Marina, who is twenty-seven years of age, is a beautiful girl with large brown eyes, an oval face, and a beautifully set head. She is a keen sportswoman, rides well, and enjoys walking and climbing. She is also interested in music and the arts, and has inherited her father's talent as an artist. A reproduction of one of her black-and-white portraits appears on another page.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MR. CECIL BEATON—FOR TURNING SCULPTOR TO "STREAMLINE."

MRS. DOUGLAS CLAYTON—FOR SAYING TO HER MODEL ENGINE: "I TANK I GO NOW."!

MR. CECIL BEATON, photographer, author, artist, and stage designer, is one of our versatiles. He is responsible for stage designs in the new C. B. Cochran revue, "Streamline," and is seen putting some final touches to his sculptured figures for the show. "Streamline" was due for production in Manchester on September 1, and is coming to London on September 28.

MRS. DOUGLAS CLAYTON shares her husband's enthusiasm for his model railway, which draws trucks round their garden. It has stations, bridges, and signals, and a model tank from which Mrs. Clayton is filling the engine's boiler.

LORD NUFFIELD'S expression of his enthusiasm for push-biking resulted in his receiving a presentation "bike" which he can ride round his works. But, though he began his career as a cycle-manufacturer, he is not going to re-start bike-making.

THE "ZOO" KEEPERS got a pleasant surprise when they became acquainted with their new charge, a wolf snake from Africa. Instead of living up to its name, it has turned out to be quite a pet lamb!

MISS ELAINE BENSON, the child who will play "Little Nell" in the B.I.P. film "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP," was chosen because she's not precocious, like most little girls of to-day. At least, that's the official reason.

LORD NUFFIELD—FOR RETURNING TO HIS OLD LOVE AND TAKING TO PEDAL-BIKING AGAIN, THOUGH NOT TO BICYCLE-MAKING.

THIS "ZOO" KEEPER—FOR FINDING THAT THE WOLF SNAKE HERE SEEN WITH HIM MIGHT MORE APPROPRIATELY BE CALLED A LAMB SNAKE.

THE FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD ELAINE BENSON *(shown with Mr. Ben Webster)*—FOR NOT SUFFERING FROM PRECOCITY AND THUS BECOMING THE "LITTLE NELL" OF THE SCREEN.

" THE MARRIAGE SYMPHONY " — TRANSPOSED FROM "SOUR GRAPES."

(Right) "THE MARRIAGE SYMPHONY" *is the film version of the play "Sour Grapes," recently produced at the Apollo:* MR. CLIVE BROOK *plays the husband who finds that his love for his young wife is dead.*

MISS IRENE HERVEY *(left) plays the part of the young girl who is engaged to the man she loves. He, however, falls in love with her friend, a young married woman, played by* MISS DIANA WYNYARD. *The girls are registering surprise because the young man in the case has accidentally burst into the room in which they are dressing.*

(Right) This doesn't look a very romantic moment! The horrid old man, however, is not a genuine vieux marcheur, *but the young hero, played by* TED NEWTON, *who is dressed up for a fancy-dress ball. He has found his way into the room in which the girls are dressing for the party.*

"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN" WITH DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, MERLE OBERON, BENITA HUME, BINNIE BARNES, AND OTHERS.

PRINCESS NATALIE PALEY plays an important part in "THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN," at the London Pavilion. The clever use of a giant shadow makes this balcony scene effective.

Don Juan is reported dead, and, though alive, he accepts the rumour! Later he returns to Seville and sees a play about his life (with Mr. Owen Nares as Don Juan). It is so incorrect that he jumps on the stage and makes a scene. No one believes him to be Don Juan!

(Left) MISS DIANA NAPIER as a would-be wife.

Don Juan (DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS) eventually has to woo his neglected wife, Dolores (BENITA HUME), all over again.

MISS MERLE OBERON plays the part of Antonita, the dancer, a most alluring lady-love of the famous Juan.

MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is a superbly dashing Don Juan. Here he is setting up communications with MISS PATRICIA HILLIARD, who plays the Girl in the Castle.

DOUG. FAIRBANKS has plenty of opportunity to display his athletic skill as the daring Don.

(Right) MR. OWEN NARES as the actor, Don Juan; and MISS NANCY JONES as a Spanish beauty.

MISS BINNIE BARNES is here seen as Rosita, the peasant waitress, in the arms of Don Juan (DOUG. FAIRBANKS).

When Don Juan climbs with great difficulty up to the tower in which the Girl in the Castle (PATRICIA HILLIARD) sits, she treats him as if he were a kind, elderly gentleman!

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

MISS GERTRUDE JENNINGS writes with a light but sure control, and describes the troublous "FAMILY AFFAIRS," at the Ambassadors, with amusing comment and genuine feeling. She assembles her characters from many wardrobes—there is the errant son, who begins like a rogue and ends like a prodigal, neatly drawn by Mr. Gyles Isham: the self-sacrificing son who is entangled with an adventuress, both admirably acted by Mr. Jack Livesey and Miss Mary Glynne; the pompous fool of Mr. Archibald Batty; and the eccentric aunt, so deliciously and humorously pictured by Miss Athene Seyler. Then there are the members of the family, portrayed by Miss Clare Harris, Miss Lesley Wareing, Miss Mary Hinton, and Mr. Robert Eddison, who behave, within the scheme of the plot, normally, and the touch of budding romance is etched in by Miss Margaret Lockwood with delicacy. They are all creatures of the stage, but entertaining in their deft manipulation and their animated chatter. Sentiment and fun blend skilfully, and there is sufficient of observation and witty comment to give the piece substance. But the strength of the play rests on the full-length portrait of the dear, lovable, managing, and possessive grandmother, so beautifully played by Miss Lilian Braithwaite. She discovers a unity where there is none, and, avoiding the pitfalls of theatricality, weaves the varying threads into a composed pattern that wholly delights us. Firm yet gentle, unreasonable yet lovable, humorous and pathetic, she gently passes from mood to mood, creating a Lady Madehurst whom we can not only accept, but whom we are charmed to meet. Here is an excellent play for the theatre, a comedy that lightly skips on the surface, with a dialogue that is both flexible and full of apt comment. It has substance, too—far more than is usual in such pieces—for beneath the fun is something which, though not intense in its seriousness, is genuine in its sympathy. We are continuously interested and tickled ever and anon by those farcical eruptions of the irrepressible Miss Seyler, whose Aunt Amy is so comic a creation. When the curtain comes down on the dear old grandmother's heroic resolution, and we see the troubled affairs straightened out, we are grateful for such a pleasant evening. That was Miss Jennings's aim, and she succeeds. "Family Affairs," which is well produced by Miss Auriol Lee and which is so well played, may be skilful artifice, but it is such artifice as will guarantee entertainment at the Ambassadors for many evenings to come.

"FAMILY AFFAIRS," at the Ambassadors. This group of characters is assembled to assist at the prodigal's return. They are Mrs. Herbert Madehurst (CLARE HARRIS, emotionally uninterested); Sydney Madehurst (GYLES ISHAM, the dishonest "penny"); Aunt Amy (ATHENE SEYLER, subject to visions); Harvey Madehurst (JACK LIVESEY, a brother of the prodigal); Lady Madehurst (LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, whom all adore); Herbert Madehurst (ARCHIBALD BATTY, wealthy and about to play the fatted calf); and Sarah (MARY HINTON, a well-married Madehurst).

"FAMILY AFFAIRS," at the Ambassadors. Aunt Amy (ATHENE SEYLER) believes she saw Adam and Eve in a box at the Coliseum. Aunt Amy is the semi-detached maiden sister of Lady Madehurst, the Matriarch of the house in Queen's Gate (LILIAN BRAITHWAITE).

As before, on their first visit to the Pavilion, Lew Leslie's "BLACK BIRDS" overwhelmed us at the Coliseum by the welter of orchestral noise, the vertiginous velocity of massed motion, the vociferation of the singers—above all, the clockwork-like precision of diction of the crowd, as well as of the soloists. But, as soon as we became accustomed to this hell-for-leather rumpus, it began to dawn on us how much real art, how much imagination, what ceaseless work and exercise, lurk under that noise and clownery. And not only that: the performance has a distinct racial touch; it is replete with negro folk-lore; it opens up to us, as it were, the mentality of the darkies their child-like religion, their superstitions, their worship of glamour and colour. The parody of Emperor Jones, though perhaps rather feeble in words, and dramatically saved by Walter Batie's tragic performance of the crestfallen dictator, is a wonderful illusionary illustration of how the negro pictures the amenities and luxuries of a far-away spiritual world.

The paramount quality of these artists is the personality which they bring to bear on their mass-evolutions. There is a distinct difference between our own chorus-teams and that of our visitors. Our chorus-ladies, nowadays most minutely and harmoniously drilled, always convey the impression of animated robots. They are as neatly finished as a cigarette rolled by a machine; all uniformity. The "Black Bird" ladies, on the other hand, some of them of sculptural beauty, exquisitely carved limbs, and almost Caucasian in their *café-au-lait* skin, reminiscent of our well-oiled seaside nymphs, are, every one of them, an individual entity. They work as if animated by inspiration, not wound up by the master-key of the producer. Their voices, too, are one even flow of melody. In Gershwin's masterpiece, "Rhapsody in Blue," directed by Mme. Valaida with the dexterity of a Beecham, the chorus, wedded to the instruments, sounded almost sublime; it gave me the goose-flesh, just as Valaida's highly emotional plaint of a woeful mother at the bedside of her dying child, with the echo of flights of angels in the nebulous background, sent a thrill of vibration through the vast auditorium. It was as august as a Mass in a cathedral. This elegy was the summit of Valaida's many achievements, now gay, now teeming with sentiment percolating through a negro temperament. Some of the traditional revue-sketches were rather too unsophisticated—or too much the other way—for our taste; some of the back-chatter of the comedians was all too *terre-à-terre* when compared to the other numbers; but the dancing, on the whole, was superb, the climax of human agility and grace, and the vivacity of the "Speakeasy at Harlem" scene was as vital as a bank-holiday orgy on Hampstead Heath. The whole performance was a grand "show" in the fullest sense of the word. It deserves the patronage of all London, for it is unique.

THE MATRIARCH AND HER BROOD—OF "FAMILY AFFAIRS."

"FAMILY AFFAIRS," by Gertrude Jennings, is an entertaining and rather complicated comedy of life in rich South Kensington. Here Amy Wigmore (ATHENE SEYLER) is shattering the Victorian peace of Queen's Gate by telling Lady Madehurst (LILIAN BRAITHWAITE) that Sydney, the bad boy of the family, who is reputed dead, has been sighted in a neighbouring "pub."

MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE has a superb part as Lady Madehurst, the Matriarch who is adored by her family. They try to keep from her the knowledge of Sydney's return, but she proves quite equal to the situation when she hears of it. Here she is posed to look like Whistler's famous picture of his mother.

The family group at four-o'clock tea consists of (l. to r.) Herbert, the rich son, who is for ever attempting to resist appeals for money (ARCHIBALD BATTY); Mrs. Herbert (CLARE HARRIS), who isn't quite of the same world as her in-laws; Lady Madehurst (LILIAN BRAITHWAITE); Harvey, the stay-at-home son (JACK LIVESEY); Margaret (MARGARET LOCKWOOD), the secretary-drudge; Mrs. Nevil Madehurst (LESLEY WAREING); Nevil (ROBERT EDDISON); and Aunt Amy Wigmore (ATHENE SEYLER).

(Left) The scapegrace Sydney (GYLES ISHAM) is received by Lady Madehurst (LILIAN BRAITHWAITE) with affection, and anxiety to help. This softens his hard heart and he becomes the perfect prodigal son!

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

FRANZ SCHUBERT'S immortal music and Richard Tauber's magnificent voice—the combination is irresistible! Add to this the romantic, leisurely charm of Vienna in the 1820's caught in a series of pictures that fill the eye with beauty, and the success of "BLOSSOM TIME" is a foregone conclusion. This British International picture at the Regal discovers yet another of those amorous episodes in the life of the great composer which his haunting melodies so readily suggest. He loves gently, tunefully. As gently and as tunefully, he relinquishes his adored one to a dashing rival. The simple tale is no more than a variant of familiar Schubertian themes, but it suffices. For the direction of Paul Stein has a certain dignity and rhythm. He finds time for a glimpse of the composer's struggle for recognition, and for a hint of an old romance between an Archduchess, superbly played by Athene Seyler, and her piano-teacher, delicately sketched in by Charles Carson. For the rest, Mr. Stein has devised an ideal vehicle for his star, built up his backgrounds with infinite care and polish, and spun a web of harmony that even a diversity of accents cannot wholly shatter.

At the opposite end of the pole is the new French picture at the Academy, "CES MESSIEURS DE LA SANTÉ," which the management, with courage as well as perspicacity, have acquired from the Film Society. For this satirical piece of work, cleverly directed by Pierre Colombier, is not an easy film. Apart from the difficulties of the dialogue, rather baldly conveyed by brief English titles, the intricacies of *la haute finance* need a strong dash of romance to make them really palatable to the British public. And romance scarcely enters into the scheme of this trenchant and diverting jest at the expense of company-promoters whose audacity does not rhyme with veracity. There is a sting in the very title of the picture. Its "hero," one of "ces messieurs," escapes from the prison so consolingly named La Santé, and, finding a job as night-watchman in the small shop of a respectable *corsetière*, builds up a flourishing business not wholly devoted to corsetry, robs Peter to pay Paul, acquires a bank, and cheerfully plants his bogus shares until another temporary retirement to La Santé seems advisable. The story is developed with such wealth of amusing incident that a little judicious cutting could do it no harm. But, despite its length, the picture is interesting, intelligent, and capitally acted. Raimu, introduced to London in "Charlemagne," is a pillar of strength as the financier, brilliant, forceful, enigmatic by turns, and a humorist throughout.

Hollywood's latest dip into history's lucky-bag has brought forth "THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI" (Leicester Square Theatre), an entertainment in the nature of Parisian farce masquerading in the gorgeous plumage of the Medici period. It is impudent, wholly fictitious, and very funny. Was there ever such a Florentine "dook" as the crowing, strutting, henpecked cockerel depicted by Frank Morgan? The answer is in the negative. But what of it, since Mr. Morgan gets a laugh out of every line? His dallyings with Cellini's lovely but brainless model are continually dislocated not only by his Duchess (smartly played by Constance Bennett), whose favours are, at the moment, extended to the good-looking goldsmith, but by that impetuous fellow himself. A truly Gallic tangle under an Italian moon. Fredric March, as the swashbuckling Cellini, swings through the picture with Fairbanksian agility; and Gregory la Cava's slick direction, allowing ample margin for Medici magnificence, keeps the spirit of persiflage intact.

When is a problem drama not a problem? When the problematical situation is artificially created and one good, honest blow could knock the bottom out of it. I felt that the apparently intelligent husband and wife in "THE MARRIAGE SYMPHONY" (Plaza), who had reached mid-Channel and decided to part, only needed a bit of straightforward thinking to discover that they were still in love with each other. Instead, they skirmish and play-act and go cryptic in a most discomforting manner. It needs all the skill of Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard to bring this conversation piece to life. The picture betrays its derivation from a stage play ("Sour Grapes") all along the line, and the only thing that gets a move on is Mr. Brook's luggage, which wanders in and out of the house according to its owner's mental vacillations.

My first opportunity, since returning to town, of seeing "LITTLE FRIEND" (New Gallery) has come on the eve of going to press, but I cannot omit a brief tribute to this drama of marital dissension and its repercussion on the mind of a sensitive child. I recommend it heartily to your notice. You should not miss the début of the child star, little Nova Pilbeam, who seems destined to go far. Her material is possibly not ideal for her exploitation, since it limits her to a note of repressed and almost precocious suffering, but this small, grave person possesses a depth of feeling and a tenderness of touch that place her at once in the front rank of juvenile screen artists. Matheson Lang and Lydia Sherwood are admirable as the child's unhappy parents.

Here are some Sherriffs dark sketches of hot dancers from "BLACKBIRDS, 1934," at the London Coliseum. They show WALTER BATIE, BESSIE DUDLEY, JIG SAW, PEG LEG BATES, and NYAS BERRY (from l. to r.)

"BLACK BIRDS," at the London Coliseum. A silhouette impression of the dusky VALAIDA "walking" the chalk line, and as conductor, and driver, in "Rhapsody in Blue" rhapsodising in "Moon Glow."

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page IV.

"MURDER IN MAYFAIR," BY IVOR NOVELLO, AT THE GLOBE.

"MURDER IN MAYFAIR" is due at the Globe Theatre to-night, September 5, after a successful "try-out" in the North. Here the author, MR. IVOR NOVELLO, who plays Jacques Clavel, is seen with MISS FAY COMPTON as the love of his life, the Duchess of Ventyre.

The Duchess of Ventyre (FAY COMPTON) is remonstrating with the drug-soaked, worthless Auriol Crannock (EDNA BEST).

Jacques Clavel (IVOR NOVELLO), the composer and pianist, is in love with the Duchess of Ventyre (FAY COMPTON).

(Right) Mrs. Sherry (ZENA DARE) is the mother of Bill Sherry (ROBERT ANDREWS), who wants to marry Auriol. Miss Travers plays Jill Sherry.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF FILM STARS.

By CECIL BEATON.

No. IX: MARLENE DIETRICH.

IS she as lovely off as on? Rest assured that she is. But she is different from the fluffy-haired houri of the film—the ethereal woman of mystery who creeps down corridors, wide-eyed, mouth gaping like a mad woman; quite different from the spiritual and rather emaciated phantom of the photographs, in which (especially those of her embracing her child) she sometimes looks ladylike, elegantly maternal; for off the screen she is never this, less classically beautiful than on, more exotic, more extraordinary, yet obviously made of flesh, blood, and sinews, but—let us go into her appearance thoroughly; let us make an inventory of her looks.

A. You will be struck by her whiteness; she would put a white rabbit or a gardenia to shame, even though, as she explains, she uses a darker powder than the colour of her skin. *B.* Instead of eyebrows, she has limned butterflies' antennæ on her forehead, and (*C*), after watching the spread-peacock's tail of her lashes on the screen, you think she has a naked look around the eyes that is alluring. *D.* High cheekbones. *E.* An upstanding tip to the end of her nose. *F.* Baby's mouth, always with a jam glisten on it. *G.* You will be surprised to find her figure much heavier than you had imagined, and (*H*), to counteract the plumpness of her hands, she grows her finger-nails quite two inches long. To describe her features is beside the point, for she now *feels* beautiful, and manages to get this effect across triumphantly with her panoply of affectations of surprise and wonder, with the moistened lips, tentative shoulder shrugs, and dewy eyes that have upturned underlids that make her look as though she were about to sneeze.

She is completely "actressy"; self-conscious always; throws back her head with a toss of curls that is followed by a knowing "little-girl" look that I have not detected on the screen, with raised eyebrows and lowered lids; looking down her eyelashes, she bares her teeth and gurgles. She appears to have so much *chien* that she seems perpetually to be pursued, and adopts frightened, "orphan-in-the-forest" postures, with arms crossed, smoothing her arms from shoulder to elbow, one knee safeguarding the other.

She talks in a husky, yet quiet, voice, with honey-sweet accents, and it sounds as though butter could not melt in her mouth. No whispers or fountain splashes are more delicate than to hear her calling her child, Maria: "*Süsse, Süsse, komm zu mir.*" A contrast to the Marlene on gramophone records who sings those gutturally *risqué* songs—"*Assez, Assez,* the Bed is not Big Enough."

What of that *bravura* walk? It is the same as in the film pictures: the right shoulder forward at the same time as the left foot, and *vice versa* (contra-action is the dancing-mistress's definition); but it needs the distance of studio orchards or palace corridors, not a crowded night-club, to show it off to its best advantage.

She has, or has acquired, the completely necessary temperament of the film star; never in a hurry, her pace is slow, her perseverance and patience phenomenal. A day is nothing; she will spend twelve hours being photographed in the studio, and, without regrets, tear up every proof next morning unless they are to her complete satisfaction; and she is the strictest judge.

Apparently always on top of her form, immaculate with the freshness of the hot bath aftermath, she is always good-humoured—a sport. Her make-up takes an hour and a-half to effect, and after each day's heavy work at the studio she washes her hair before going to bed, in preparation for the next day's "shooting," when again, so that they shall photograph lighter, her curls will be covered with gold powder dust. Every aspect of the film star's career she enjoys, and, unlike Garbo, she is entirely interested in the effect she creates on her limitless public, and likes to dangle her fans on the end of a string, knowing full well that just as much excitement is caused by her absence as on the few occasions she makes her public appearance and is the cynosure of all eyes as the *femme fatale*, in the fast disappearing trappings of Boldini tulle, black spangles, paradise-feather collars, and fish-tail skirts, when she will leave early, saying: "I am feeling tired. I have been writing such a lot." (By writing, she means signing her name in autograph books.) She adores her name in lights, she reads all her own press cuttings (yes, she will get this right enough); no "fan" is more enthusiastic about Marlene than Marlene; but it is seldom that she takes off her grey flannel pants and goes to the cupboard for the houri trappings, for even when on holiday she will be sitting in an ordinary, impersonal hotel room, a half-empty box of gold-tipped cigarettes on a side table, a bowl of fruit and tomatoes on the sideboard, plucking her eyebrows, stroking her arms, or showing her latest photographs to an acquaintance; playing her newest gramophone records, talking a great deal about Marlene in that breathlessly quiet, frightened, and sometimes rather husky child's voice. "Do you like that one? The lighting is good. What do you think of this tune? I had the idea for the lyric myself."

Her private life is serene; there are no outbursts of temperament, and no cloud is on the horizon; there are no disturbances to wrinkle her brow. She is happily married to a proud and attentive Herr Sieber, blond, not very tall, and a kindred spirit. They are a delightful couple, completely in league with one another, and it is she who wears the pants, figuratively and literally, though he is just as attentive and gallant as could be. Their child is strong and strapping, and, in Hollywood, Marlene's existence is domesticated in the extreme. Papa is generally away in Vienna, so the old Austrian maid, Lizi, Maria the child, and Marlene are throughout the day continually having snacks together of special strong coffee and sweet marzipan cakes; there is a lot of fun in the kitchen, in the home which they have rented from two vaudeville comedians—and what a house it is! Elaborately decorated in the "modernistic" fashion with triangular furniture in satinwood, chutney colouring, and lampshades with tassels attached, exuding an extremely sweet smell of spices and grease-paint.

The beauty and personality of MISS MARLENE DIETRICH are discussed by Mr. Cecil Beaton on this page. She is German by birth, and is the wife of Herr Sieber and the mother of a charming little girl, Maria Sieber. Her film success began with "The Blue Angel," in which she appeared with Mr. Emil Jannings; and her latest picture is "The Scarlet Empress," in which she played the part of Catherine the Great of Russia.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

In spite of her Garbo-esque seclusion, and her refusal to accept the dinner arrangements of Miss Connie Bennett, Miss Joan Crawford, and the like, Hollywood has made its effect upon her. Before, in Germany, Marlene was extremely well known as a talented cabaret singer, who emulated the personality of Margo Lion. She was interested in the more serious attempts of modern art, and she looked frowsy in all photographs, until one day she had a strip of "Photomaton" pictures made of herself, and, as usual, one crude light hung high above her head, casting shadows under the nose, bringing into prominence her high cheekbones—a form of lighting generally extremely unbecoming, but for her a saving grace, giving her face refining modelling. This was the beginning of Marlene as a photographic beauty. Hollywood made its offers! "She was just going there to get the money. She would do a few pictures, though the work was of little artistic merit; then quit, and go back to serious stuff again." But, alas! the years have gone by, and Marlene has forgotten her original intentions, and her enthusiasms are squandered quite contentedly on the plans for the next box-office draw. She looks more and more beautiful, and more and more unintelligent. It is Marlene's downfall, for she has forgotten to be an actress, and now, at any rate, "Glamour Girls" are slightly out of fashion. As Catherine the Great, with rosebuds, ribbons, and bibs and tuckers, she looks as though she had fallen into a baby's bassinette; in her feather ruchings and transparent crinolines, like Mae West; in her Cossack's uniform, we are reminded of the good old days of José Collins at Daly's.

Let us hope it is not too late for her to fight against Mr. von Sternberg's wildest splendours, and return to some genuine characterisation. If she could tear herself away to some serious repertory company for a bit she would be a good deal happier, and we would all be a good deal more interested.

MARLENE — WITH "BUTTERFLIES' ANTENNÆ" INSTEAD OF EYEBROWS.

MISS MARLENE DIETRICH, who is the subject of Mr. Cecil Beaton's "Personal Portrait" this week, has, he says, "limned butterflies' antennæ on her forehead" instead of eyebrows. She is as lovely off the screen as on; but her loveliness in real life is different from her picture beauty. She was born in Berlin, and made her stage début under Max Reinhardt.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THE second volume of Lord Oxford's "Letters to a Friend" does not differ materially from the first. There is the same pleasant informality, the same shrewd, terse, illuminating judgments on books and people, the same reserve, broken occasionally by flashes of irritation or testimonies of affection, about matters political and personal. Apart from these rare outbursts, there is hardly a reference to politics which is not marked by irony or stoicism. The strength of Lord Oxford's physical constitution had its counterpart in his emotions. Of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald he says—

Poor Ramsay—who looks every day more and more like a ghost—is suffering from neuritis, one of the most painful and disabling of afflictions, and has taken on a burden far too heavy for a man who is not (like me) composed, in equal proportions, of iron and leather, to carry for long.

Iron and leather: the analogies are hardly just, emphasising endurance and impassiveness at the expense of resilience, courage, and initiative, not add much to our knowledge of him, but, by giving a hint of puckishness, a touch of fantasy—an eyebrow lifted in humorous surprise, a gracious inclination of the head—they modify and complete his portrait for posterity; reminding us that he was a human, kindly, and considerate, as well as a great, man.

Lady Hester Stanhope. We must now go back a hundred years and contemplate a very different personality. It is interesting, though idle, to speculate what impression Lady Hester Stanhope would have made on Lord Oxford, could he have met her. I doubt if the verdict would have been a favourable one, for he disliked affectation, and Lady Hester was a bundle of affectations, and her manner with strangers, however eminent, was apt to be haughty and offensive. Indeed, she had a predilection for her social inferiors, and any good-looking soldier had a better chance of pleasing her than her friends of the Devonshire House circle. But her affectations were not all assumed; some were genuine eccentricities, expressions of an original personality. Like Byron, whom she met on her way to the East, she was a complete egoist. Egoists rarely appreciate one another: Byron did not care for Lady Hester, nor she for him. She told her doctor—her amazingly faithful doctor—that

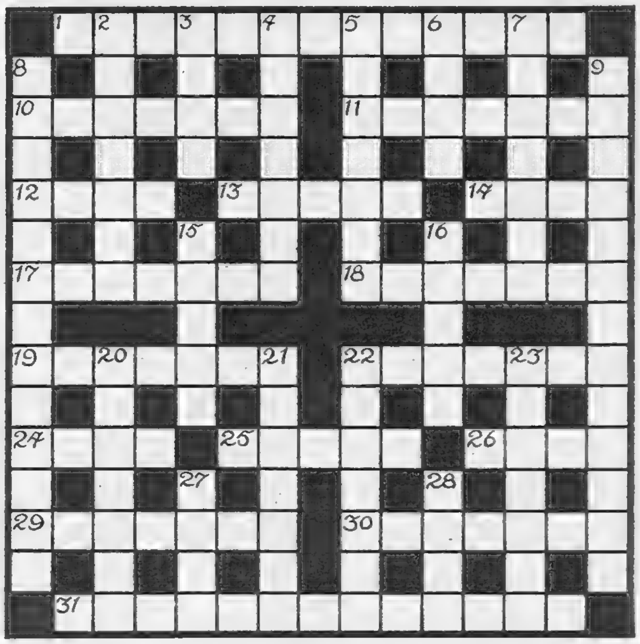
she saw nothing in him [Byron] but a well-bred man like many others, for as for poetry, it was easy enough to write verses, and as for thoughts, who knows where he got them? Perhaps he had picked up some old book that no one knew anything about and stole his ideas out of it.

This verdict gives one a good idea of the general soundness of her judgments. Byron wrote (to Hobhouse) of her—

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. Epithet for a shrew.
10. What one little pig got.
11. "Oral gun" (anag.).
12. Without it nothing remains.
13. The polite part of a tree, perhaps.
14. Seemingly increasing implement.
17. A foreign city that reddens readily.
18. Strange that this movement should be lively, considering how frightened it sounds.
19. Part of your car.
20. Might apply to some old beaver, though suggesting a case of breach.
24. Island that a tiny mite might associate with Noah.
25. "The game's ——: follow your spirit: and, upon this charge, cry . . ." (Henry V.).
26. The first murderer re-formed in S America.
29. Interfere, with a suitable epithet in its tail.
30. Unrestrained (ask his leader!).
31. "Old Germans can" (anag.).



DOWN.

2. Biblical tribesman.
3. Is twice a river.
4. Two parts of an animal famous for straw.
5. What your temporary cook often does (*e.g.*, boils).
6. A harbinger of replenishment.
7. Part of S. America.
8. Criticism that approximates to any crazy rendering.
9. In two senses applicable to an umbrella.
15. What the Douro gives rise to.
16. The attractive side of March.
20. Here a twitch is quite unorthodox.
21. Fabric.
22. A young American scamp.
23. Put the wind up.
27. This coat is disloyal.
28. Black.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, Sept. 10, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published on page 468) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

qualities in which Lord Oxford's plainly-outlined though complex character abounded. But the iron and the leather were especially valuable between the years 1922 and 1927—years of strain and political disappointment, and it is thanks to them that we are left with the impression of a man whom "business could not make dull, nor passion wild," who was too proud, as well as too brave, to complain of misfortune, from whatever source it came.

However, there is no need to marvel at the prevailingly sunny tone of these letters, for, like the first series, they were written in moments of relaxation, and probably the last things that the writer wished to remind Mrs. Harrisson of were the troubles that were harassing him in Parliament. It amused him, no doubt, to exchange odds and ends of culture with his correspondent. He cleared the brambles from the path of scholarship and picked the plums; he acted as her guide, philosopher, and friend in the dark labyrinth which so jealously guards the secrets of the classics, while she kept him in touch with modern developments in art and letters. A Liberal in politics, Lord Oxford was conservative in his literary tastes, but by no means inaccessible to new impressions. He could enjoy the cinema.

Much stress has been laid on the Roman qualities in Lord Oxford's character; integrity, austerity, self-control, all that is summed up in the phrase *tenacem propositi virum*. These glimpses into its lighter side are therefore particularly delightful and valuable. His letters to Mrs. Harrisson have preserved some of the flavour of his conversation, a flavour which was seldom apparent in his more considered writings. They may

I saw the Lady Hester Stanhope at Athens and do not admire that dangerous thing—a female wit! She evinced a . . . disposition to arguefy with me, which I avoided either by laughing or yielding. I despise the sex too much to squabble with them. . . . I have seen too little of the lady to form any decisive opinion, but I have discovered nothing different to other she-things except a great disregard of received notion in her conversation as well as conduct. I don't know if this will recommend itself to our sex, but I'm sure it won't to her own.

An Eccentric. Byron was right; it did not. While still the dazzling ornament of London drawing-rooms, Lady Hester had few female friends; and as "Queen of Palmyra" she had none—if we except her faithful maid, Elizabeth Williams, whom she ultimately killed with an overdose of Epsom salts and senna. Her nature was at once too domineering and too prone to hero-worship to accept friendship on terms of equality. She worshipped Sir John Moore and Lord Camelford; they were her gods. When they and her uncle, William Pitt, were dead, she could not find in Europe any "object worth her constancy." Like Byron (but in disgust, not in pique), she turned her back on Europe and lived the remainder of her life among the Arabs—attracted, no doubt, by their courtesy, their religion (or certain aspects of it, for Lady Hester was too eccentric to accept in full anyone else's creed), their clothes, which she soon adopted, and their readiness to face death. Europe was too safe for her. Her nature needed the constant stimulus of danger. She did not live in the East (as some whispered) in order to give the rein

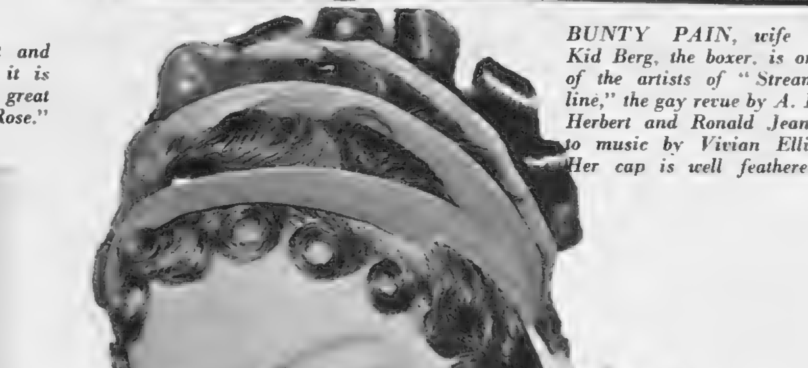
[*Continued on page* iv

"STREAMLINE" HEADLINERS.

It was arranged that "STREAMLINE," C. B. Cochran's twenty-first and biggest revue, should be produced at Manchester on Saturday last, and it is due in London on September 28. KYRA NIJINSKY, daughter of the great Russian dancer, is giving an impression of her father in "Spectre de la Rose."

BUNTY PAIN, wife of Kid Berg, the boxer, is one of the artists of "Streamline," the gay revue by A. P. Herbert and Ronald Jeans, to music by Vivian Ellis. Her cap is well feathered.

MEG LEMONNIER is one of the stars of "Streamline." This amusing costume is carried out in bright green silk organdie with spotted sleeves, a yoke, and hat-crown.



TILLY LOSCH, the famous Viennese dancer, wears this Empire costume and head-dress in the satiric sketch in four scenes purporting to "give the real truth about Napoleon." She will have her first speaking part on the stage in "Streamline."

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

ONCE again September is with us, bringing, perhaps, the most crowded weeks of the whole golfing year. North, south, east, and west, links and courses will carry, so long as daylight lasts, an unceasing stream of votaries. Looking at the fixture list, hardly a day will pass that does not provide some sort of contest for those who look beyond private singles and better ball matches, or the pleasant and more placid, if keen, delights of the threesome and foursome.

Open and Professional Events.

Among the important open events, Carnoustie starts the ball rolling with the tournament for the Crow's Nest Tassie, and while that is in progress, away in the south-west, the annual West of England Amateur Championship will be attracting a deal o' talent to Burnham and Berrow, that lovely Somerset links. Further away still, Portmarnock—I hope some rain has fallen to refresh a drought-afflicted paradise—will be in the throes of the Irish Open Amateur Championship, and Stoke Poges will be welcoming the girls for their yearly Championship event. Next, two days' journey to the south, Biarritz, where the Prince of Wales has been enjoying a well-earned holiday, will be filling up for the French International Amateur Championship over the famous Chiberta course. Meanwhile, the Professors will also have been busy with the qualifying rounds of the *News of the World* Tournament, the Scottish, Midland, and Southern sections assembling at Turnhouse, Hollinwell, and Oxhey respectively, to prepare for the final stage at Walton Heath on the 18th and three following days. Then come the Central England Open Mixed Foursomes at Woodhall Spa—I hear a rumour that the course, spa, and two hotels are now for sale—and last of all is the tournament for the Prince of Wales's Cup at Princes, Sandwich, over seventy-two holes—a reorganisation which at once makes it the most testing of all amateur score competitions.

Golf's "Royal Assembly."

But, in spite of all these activities, there will be a regular *drang nach norden*, for September is now a festival month at St. Andrews, which, year by year, gathers pilgrims from all over the world—business men shaking the dust of their offices from their feet, professional men leaving their professions to look after themselves, soldiers, sailors, and administrators on leave: surely the most remarkable and catholic of golfing reunions? And could better fare be put before them? First there is the Jubilee Vase over the Old Course, where the acid test of singles is sweetened by the knowledge that halved matches count as wins. Then there are the Calcutta Cup Foursomes on the New Course, played in similar conditions (both are handicap events), where the chill of defeat is tempered by the heart-warming reflection that the Old Course is waiting to receive the slain; and then, after an interval for the pursuit of the elusive half-crown, come the annual match between teams of the Royal and Ancient and Town clubs, and Medal Week, with its historic trophies, its dinner, and its Ball. Yet for me and for many another the real St. Andrews belongs only later, when the hurly-burly is hushed and the scarlet gowns are returned. Then, in those balmy autumn days, when the corn is stooked and rooks and gulls follow the plough once more, what a joy to wander where the spirit moves, and there, recapturing so many happy memories, to "take and render quiet breath," whether it be over the links and sands, or by shadowed wynds down to the sunny shelter of the Lade Braes, or out to the pier-head, where the wind is always fresh!

East Lothian.

St. Andrews is, however, not the only lode-star in the northern sky. There is East Lothian, as much a home of the game as ever St. Andrews and Carnoustie were, are, or will be. Within its borders lie North Berwick, Archerfield, Muirfield, the Gullanes, New Luffness, and Longniddrig, a strip of coast immortalised in "Story - and - Song," much of it collected and bound in the pages of one of the classics of the sport. And where can a district be found richer in offerings for a golfer who would sojourn in true content? At North Berwick, if you are patient, you can dawdle away long days, enjoying the charms of one of the most subtle of links, watching the reactions of the Bright Young Things and the skill of some old ones. Then, if you have the *entrée*, you can sample natural golf at its highest in the sanctuary of Archerfield, and from Gullane Hill box the compass, filling your eyes, whichever way you look, with visions that, passing thence, must remain etched on the eyes of your mind for ever.

Enchanted Ground.

From where else can such a view be had of "Auld Reekie" in her shawl of smoke, or of that great steel monument, the Forth Bridge, enchanted by distance into filigree? From what other vantage-point do the shores of Fife and the far hills of Angus show so mistily blue; and will it not add a zest to your game to tell your companion that somewhere below him once stood the Pavilion on the Links? Indeed you are on hallowed ground. All around you, if you "have the gift," go happy shades following the game they loved; among them, here and there, you may recognise men-of-their-hands: the great Earl of Wemyss, with his baffies and his spoons, who would have no iron club desecrate his turf; "Lang" Crawfurd, clubs under one arm, bag hanging over the other; wee Ben Sayers, admonishing his partner, "Andra," and more besides. Is it not well that in these days, when records, sulphates, penal hazards, eagles, and suchlike loom so large in golfing affairs, there should be a few oases where the romance of the game still lingers?

THE EIGHT WOMEN GOLFERS WHO HOPE TO BRING BACK THE CURTIS CUP!

1. MRS. GEORGE COATS.
2. MISS PAM BARTON, FRENCH OPEN LADY CHAMPION.
3. MISS DIANA FISHWICK.
4. MISS WANDA MORGAN.
5. MRS. WALKER.
6. MISS MOLLIE GOURLAY, MISS DIANA PLUMPTON, AND MISS DORIS CHAMBERS.

A team of eight lady golfers, under the leadership and management of Miss Doris Chambers, arranged to sail last week to Canada and the U.S.A. on a golfing tour. They hope to bring back the Curtis Cup as a slight offset to the Walker Trophy!

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated **Sporting and Dramatic** *News; Every Friday.*

SOUTH AFRICA—
LAND OF HEALTH

"Sunshine and blue skies; farms and homesteads nestling among mountains and hills; blossoms of peach and plum filling the valleys with colour; the perfume of orange groves; the profusion of wild flowers; the camp fire and the thrill of wild game in the Lowveld; the picturesque Kraals and laughter-loving Natives; the quest of open roads trailing to far horizons; the sparkling air of the Highveld; sea and sun bathing on golden beaches; the bright, warm days and cool starlit nights—these memories and the joyous feeling of health and fitness after my last holiday in South Africa will lure me back there before long."

These are an English visitor's impressions of travel in South Africa.

May we send you our descriptive booklet, "*South Africa Calling,*" to assist you in planning your next overseas tour? The book will be posted gratis on request to The Director, South African Government Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"WHEN'S the wedding?"

"Oh, not for another month yet. But I want to get it settled: this present. They've got everything, I know. What the devil to buy I can't think."

"Why not leave it to your wife? It isn't a man's job, surely."

"She's away, and so are my daughters."

"How much do you want to give? About the usual thing, I suppose?"

"Yes, there or thereabouts. Can't you give me a lead?"

"My experience is that these things come to you almost accidentally, so to speak. I turn over the pages in a paper, say, and all at once something hits me in the eye. The very thing, you know. Sort of flies off the handle at you."

"That's all very well in its way," agreed Our Stroller. "But if it happens to be a car that flies off the handle and hits you in the eye——"

"Well, that's ocular demonstration, isn't it? Why don't you give the happy pair a nice box of gold shares?"

"As a matter of fact, my main object in coming to you to-day was to ask how I could make some money to pay for this plaguey present."

"That's a nice sort of spirit for offering a present in! If I were the girl's father——"

"It's the trouble of getting something that I don't know what to get that's the plaguey part, don't you understand?"

"Now you're becoming lucid. How about a couple of hundred Goldfields?"

"Eight hundred pounds?"

"With an eighth discount for cash."

"Try again, Sonnie. I'm not a bloated millionaire."

"You would be now if you'd done what I told you in Kleinfontein and Wiluna."

"How about twenty shares for the wedding present?" suggested the broker.

"Like them better than Shell?" another dealer enquired. "I've always been keen on Shell. Disappointing lately, of course, as most oil shares have been."

"Nobody's taking much interest in the market."

"All the more reason why you and I should. It's no use coming in at a time when everybody else is doing the same thing."

"None of us are overburdened with patience nowadays. Before the war, we were content to wait for our shares to ripen into profits——"

"Do you think we were? I rather doubt it, you know. Seems to me we were always impatient for profits; as long as I can remember."

They drifted into the Yankee Market, and—

"Long shot, of course," one of the jobbers was saying. "But if you care to put away some of these Mexican things, at the rubbish prices they're now quoted, you will treble or quadruple the money. Not just double it. What are you doing about this American income-tax business?"

Four other men, standing by, drew closer together.

"Can America tax profits made on speculations?" asked Our Stroller.

"Oh, yes. That's right enough. Always has been so."

"But if you make a loss?"

"They let you set it off against the profit. This is a new drive, though; asking for names of English clients who have made profits out of dealing in American stocks."

"But if I had made a few pounds out of gambling in Steels with your firm?" persisted Our Stroller.

"You don't come in," was the reply. "The demand only covers transactions in America itself. If you had an account in New York with an American firm, and had made profits, Washington is now trying to get tax out of you on those profits."

"I haven't——"

"Many folks have, though."

"And they're liable?"

"Liable, all right."

"How can the Americans enforce the tax?"

"They can't, of course. That's the silly part about it. So long as you have no property in the States, you can laugh at any claim that America makes."

The notabilities whom Fred May has caricatured this week might be referred to as Gold Nuggets, as they glitter in the Gold Fields whose shares are so bright and active at the moment. LIEUT.-COL. J. H. LEVEY, D.S.O., O.B.E., is closely associated with West Africa and is a director of the Gold Coast Main Reef, Ltd., of which LORD DORCHESTER is Chairman. LORD LURGAN is a Director of the Cam and Motor Gold Mining Co., Ltd., and also of the Sherwood Starr Gold Mining Co. Ltd. (London Committee). LORD LUKE is the Deputy Chairman of the Ashanti Goldfields Corporation, Ltd. SIR HARRY FOSTER, J.P., is a Director of the Kassa Mining Company, Ltd.

"No good jobbing backwards. What's to be done now? I see my Venezuela Gold have awakened out of their long sleep."

"That's because old President Gomez may see fit at last to stabilise the currency."

"Greek to me. Or worse. Unravel, if you please."

"The Venezuelan currency is measured in bolivares——"

"Accent on the second syllable?"

"With me, yes. The Venezuelan companies pay their wages, and all their local expenses, in bolivares. The nominal rate was twenty-five bolivares to the pound sterling."

"But the bolivare——"

"I was coming to that. For some time past, the companies, instead of being able to buy twenty-five bolivares with one pound, have received only fifteen. Look at the difference this makes to any concern with a large pay-roll. The men want the same amount of money, but it costs the company very much more to buy the money to pay them with."

"This sounds to me like a lesson upon the general working of foreign exchange."

"Take it how you please. Elementary, of course. You've known it all for years."

"Well?" said Our Stroller, non-committally.

"As bolivares have fallen to a level at which the company can get twenty of them for a quid, instead of only fifteen, it's obviously going to make a huge reduction in the working costs, see?"

"It ought to be good for Venezuela Oil Concessions."

"Bound to be. The Shell groups have been buying V.O.C. by thousands for some time past. Any man in the Oil Market will tell you that."

"Does the V.O.C. pay dividends?"

"Ten per cent. last year. You can buy those shares with impunity."

"I'm a bear of impunity," said a jobber. "But I think V.O.C. are a fine investment to put away for the children."

"Washington must know that."

"And does know it. But they are frightfully hard up for money, and they know a certain number of people will get the wind up and pay the tax, and they probably imagine they may rake in millions of dollars."

"Where is Washington to get the names and addresses of private clients over here? Will the banks give the information?"

"I believe," said one broker, "that this would be contrary to etiquette and established practice. But we shall see."

"What will be the effect upon American stocks and shares?" asked Our Stroller. "Won't it kill all interest in Yankees? People will be afraid to touch the shares."

"On the other hand," a jobber pointed out, "it might encourage the making of a lively American market on this side, and bring over here the orders that now go to New York direct."

"The Rubber Market's good enough for me," observed a broker. "I've put a lot of clients into rubber shares this year, and not many of them have lost money at the game. The real rise hasn't started yet, either."

"I get hosts of circulars from outside brokers——"

"I've had two personal visits and three trunk telephone-calls," added Our Stroller, "begging me to buy some shares——"

"Those things you asked me about the other day? I told you there is no market in the House. And those other circulars you sent me are from bucket-shops of the first water. People who deal with them are almost certain to lose their money."

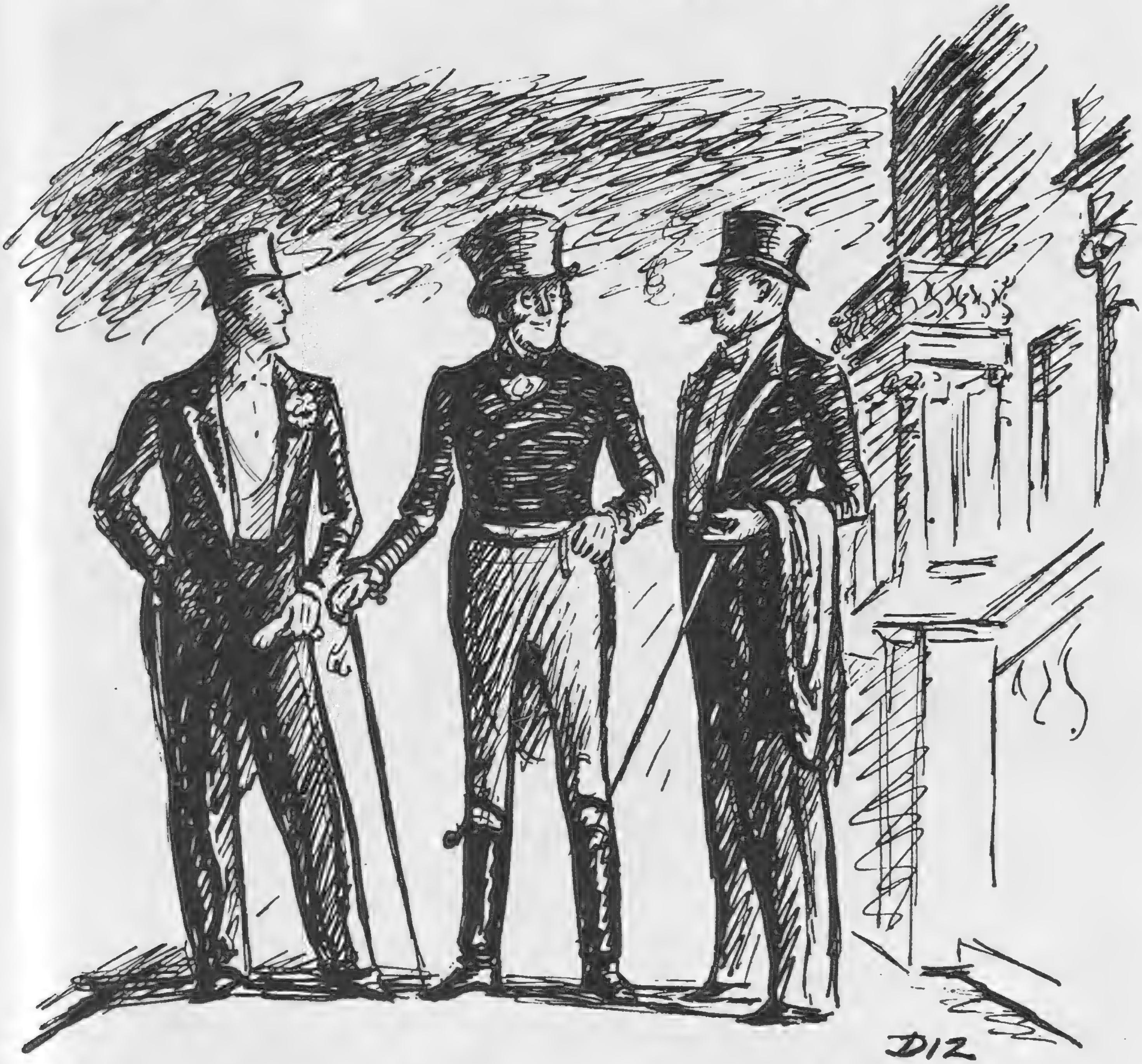
"Can't anything be done to stop this bucket-shop business? By Parliament? Or by the police? Or——"

"Where's the Public Prosecutor?" asked Our Stroller.

"That," replied the broker, "is just what a large number of people would very much like to know."

Friday, August 31, 1934.

• He said to me—have you no respect for old age..?



• I said to him—certainly sir, I drink Johnnie Walker..!

BORN 1820... STILL GOING STRONG..!

Miss Oriel Ross visits the London Aeroplane Club at Hatfield

THE GODDESS OF SPORT

MATITA

in an airy setting

from EXCLUSIVE SHOPS *throughout* the WORLD

PARIS BY NIGHT

Maggy Rouff's slender blue velvet dress with its quaint Victorian cape in silver lamé with a brown collar edged with sable: and her robe-de-style *in white satin, the loose coat embroidered in crystal and lined with brown velvet.*

HOW will you look when summer evenings are fading and everybody is hurrying back to London, thinking again of dances and of theatres, and of all those occasions when we go out after dark to see and to be seen? Well, that just depends on the private picture that you have of yourself. If for years you have been longing for romantic clothes, you will be crazy about Maggy Rouff's *robes-de-style* and Schiaparelli's hooped dress, and Heim's or Molyneux's Directoire frocks, moulded to the body and kept up, apparently, simply by faith and one's own belief in their beauty.

If, on the other hand, you have the sort of figure that makes sheath-like frocks lovely, you will want Jodelle's graceful dresses, with their exquisite colour combinations, or Mainbocher's pencil-straight tunic, ending between the knee and hip and bordered with fur, with a flared skirt swirling about the feet. Or perhaps you will know at once that Lelong's 1914 line, with loose tunics dipping at the back and twin fish-tail trains pulling against the slit in the front of the skirt, will reveal you to your friends in the most flattering of all lights. Or that the Egyptian hip-draperies which were hinted at in several Collections will content you. Or that you simply must, come what may, be a perfect "Little Woman" in a mid-Victorian gown with a lace collar, buttons from neck to waist, and a skirt with all the fulness gathered in to the waist.

Of course, if your ideas about yourself are at all confused, you will either have to be recklessly extravagant or you will have to sit back a bit and see which of these widely conflicting influences win the day—or should it be the night? Intricately lovely neck-draperies remain on slender frocks: widened shoulders, sometimes cut to points that form tiny sleeves, are still popular, except when only the narrowest of flesh-coloured straps blush practically unseen: trains are definitely "in," and are long enough to be held up gracefully and in comfort when one dances: décolletées are more discreet and square necks have increased in number: skirts are straight in front with centre or side slits (Worth continues to show petticoats of pleated tulle and chiffon): tunics—narrow, flared, or with stiff folds at the front—are important: bloused backs (and sometimes fronts, too) give a new outline: and bows or flowers are placed over one knee.

Fabrics: velvets first—uncrushable, ribbed, shaded, frosted, woven with lamé threads or with a faille ground which makes it drape stiffly. Lace—embroidered with sequins or with flower patterns underlaid with cellophane. Lots of lamé, especially in lapis blue and gunmetal shades. Cellophane fabrics, soft and glittering. Duchesse satin, satin-duvetyn, moiré, lamé-moiré, cloqué silks, and matt crêpes.

Colours: violet-blues, violet, purple, browns, black, some white. Water-tint green with garnet; pale blue with dregs of wine; tomato with jade; cyclamen with sapphire, and other unexpected alliances of clear shades. O. C. S.

Jodelle's beautiful water-tint green dress, moulded to the body, with garnet satin draped across the front of the corsage and looped at the back.

THE AUTUMN SILHOUETTE

By OLIVE

TAILORED lines, and a silhouette that is basically as slender as a pencil—that is the one fact that emerges most clearly from the welter of ideas that makes up the Paris Collections. True, the Cossack influence does not altogether fit in with this generalisation, but that is only because the skirt flares outwards and stands away from the slim dress over which it is worn. It is actually very narrow-waisted; it moulds the hips; and one needs to be tall and slender to look well in it. Beyond doubt, it is really important, this Russian influence, for Heim, Rochas, Maggy Rouff, Worth, Molyneux, and many others have fallen beneath its spell. It shows in full-length coats and in suits with dashing three-quarter-length jackets trimmed with astrachan and worn with matching Droshky Driver hats. By day and in the evening the 1914 line is also stressed, especially by Creed and Mainbocher, and echoes of the Directoire period are heard in every salon. By night the most lavish and luxurious eras are revived, and so it is that modern interpretations of Mediæval and Empire gowns mingle with mid-Victorian frocks and dresses that are purely Egyptian in the arrangement of their drapery.

NOT for many years has there been such marked interest in tailored suits. Loose jackets—hip-length, half or seven-eighths length—abound: cardigan suits are worn with square-shouldered capes: half-length coats have fulness below the waist at the back, very like riding habits; and Mainbocher shows ankle-length tailleurs, with net blouses for cocktail or informal dinner wear. There are many slender bias-cut skirts with panelled backs; many others with brief slits at the sides or in the front; Creed does an excellent slightly flared skirt with a rounded panel at the front; and Heim places three small godets across the back.

Among a host of conflicting styles the Cossack coat stands out, for it is featured in practically every Collection. Above is Maggy Rouff's interpretation—very wearable, very comfortable, and not exaggerated. Narrow-waisted, full-skirted, with wide sleeves, and hip pockets, it is made in oatmeal-coloured wool with a beaver collar which has loose ends buttoned at the throat and tucked into the front.

The Russian influence pervaded Marcel Rochas' Collection, his marvellous blending of colours and his choice of unusual fabrics adding further interest to his always brilliant originality. The jumper frock on the right is made in a blue cellophane material, very soft and glittering, with flowers at the neck, and looped bands above and below the waist. It is worn beneath a loose blue broadtail coat.

As a contrast to his many exotic models, Marcel Rochas did some severely practical tailored suits and coats. He used blue tweed checked with grey for the coat on the right, giving it wide revers but no collar, and fastening the belt with natural hogskin links. The dress is of flecked tweed in the same colouring, slender, and almost severely simple, with a centre pleat and links at the neck and waist.

AND ITS MANY VARIATIONS

CALEY - SMITH

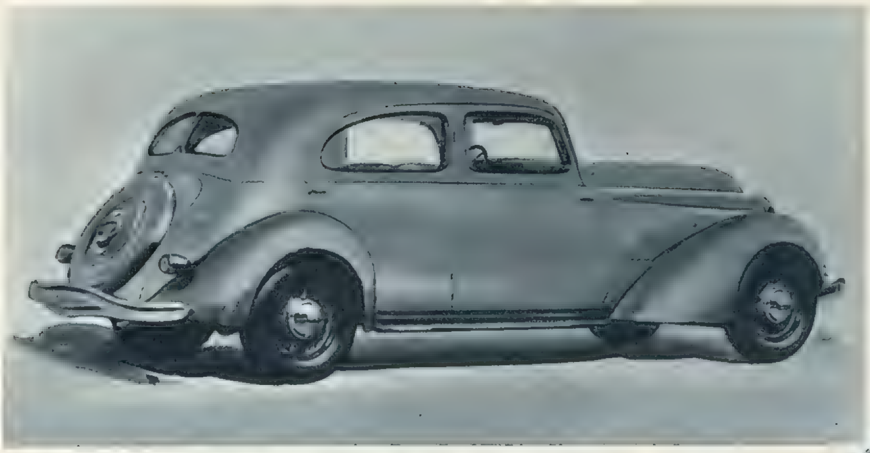
We have already talked about Cossack coats. There are others, long and slender, with side fastenings and pointed or Dolman sleeves, trimmed with flat fur or with fox dyed to match the cloth. The majority of fur collars are high, some cupping the chin, or they are wide, standing away from the neck and running down to the waist on one side. Belts, if they are worn at all, are narrow. There are many short fur capes, and some rather long ones. Coats do not match the dresses with which they are worn. Instead, unexpected and very lovely colour combinations are evolved. Jodelle does afternoon dresses very simply and beautifully. She has intricately draped necklines, and she likes inset handkerchief yokes in contrasting shades. Her skirts are slender, but they have just sufficient movement to be graceful. She curves many of her sleeves and narrows them off at the wrist.

NECKS remain high, and jabots replace bows. Basques have returned, on jumpers as well as frocks. Fur jerkins are worn with simple wool dresses. Molyneux does turned-up hems, and he also slits a skirt at the back to show a shorter panel. He, Mainbocher, and Lelong all do some bloused backs, and this is a line to watch, for it gives a different silhouette and is consequently likely to be important. Rainbow tweeds, hairy woollens—some with long multi-coloured hairs on a dark ground—silk and woollen mixtures with knotted threads in raised stripes—cloqué silks that look like wool and wools that look like silk, cashmeres, angoras, tinsel wools, plaids, duvetyns, velvet, flat crêpes, marocains, and cellophane mixtures are favourite day fabrics. Smoky browns and greys, chestnut brown, burnt orange, greens, crushed-grape, "Strathosphere" purple, violet-blues, and much black are leading colours.

1900—a much-applauded suit in Creed's magnificent Collection. Made in a blue checked woollen, it has an almost knee-length jacket, nipped in at the waist, with a decided outward swing at the hem. A maize-coloured stock and a long pleated frill emphasises the curved line above the waist, and it has under-cuffs and a vest of striped silk.

On the extreme left is Patou's graceful dinner dress in soft green satin, the matt and the lustrous surfaces being exploited to accentuate its lovely line. Cut high across the front of the neck, it has a deep V at the back, and the sleeves are interesting. Patou launched a beautiful medium green, good for day and evening, which he calls "Onyx Green."

Immediately on the left is Lucien Lelong's wonderful ensemble in green moiré and moiré-velvet. The frock is of moiré, with diamond links at the throat and crossed straps at the back, while the moiré-velvet cape is faced and bordered with mink.



This HUPMOBILE SIX-CYLINDER "AERO-DYNAMIC" SALOON is priced at £445.

MOTOR DICTA By H. E. SYMONS.

STRANGE, isn't it, how the poor persecuted motorist gets it in the neck every time? If there 's a smash, the man in the car invariably gets the blame. Cyclists can do the most dam' fool things and get away with them. Pedestrians can be reckless to the point of suicide. They can ignore traffic lights, police signals, "herring-bone" crossing-places and everything else provided for their safety. It is seldom that they get a bad fright, even in months of mooning about our busiest cities. Yet the motorist may have his heart in his mouth a dozen times between, say, Piccadilly Circus and Hammersmith Broadway.

Now there is this "silence" campaign. Personally, I 'm all for peace and quiet. But even when such an eminently sensible man as Mr. Hore-Belisha appoints a committee to study the question of making motor-cars quieter, well, *la moutarde monte au nez*. As if cars were the *only* noisy things in London! And as if our motor manufacturers were not already spending thousands of pounds a year in their quest for silence, and in making their latest products as ghostly quiet as it is possible for any vehicle to be! No new car will sell nowadays that has not silent gears, silent valve operation, silent timing mechanism. The noisy exhaust is repugnant to 90 per cent. of modern motorists. Even the much-abused motor-cycle is to-day scarcely more audible than a sewing-machine. Thus those that build cars and motor-cycles are the very last people to try and add to the noises cn the road.

Miss Joan Gardner, a young actress who is seen in the film "The Private Life of Don Juan," starring Douglas Fairbanks, is here posed with an ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY 12-H.P. SALOON at a road house near Elstree.

The alleged "motor-horn" nuisance is, to my mind, greatly exaggerated. Have any of those who write to the papers about "strident hooters" ever attempted to sleep in a hotel on the Grands Boulevards of Paris before that excellent Prefect of Police, M. Chiappe, substituted the flashing of headlamps for audible warning signals between certain hours? Taken all round, the English motorist uses his horn very little. Indeed, I am inclined to think that many of the accidents which have occurred could have been avoided if a timely "hoot" had warned a wobbling pedestrian that a car was coming up behind him.

There are a lot of noises infinitely more distressing than the swiftly gone hum of a car, or even the occasional honk of a taxi-horn. Pneumatic drills, for instance. Some people have to work for weeks on end with the shattering rattle of the roadmenders' implements dinning into their brains. In my Sunday paper I read protests from all sorts of people against all sorts of noises. One complained about church-bells and the striking of church-clocks; another suggested it was time the authorities turned their attention to noisy aeroplanes; a third wrote of cars "designed to give the maximum speed and noise at the minimum of expense." Let the police stop and fine everyone who travels on the road in a noisy manner. I venture to suggest that, apart from noisy sports cars or motor-cycles, there are the solid-tyred heavy transport vehicles, the lorries badly loaded with railway-lines or other "rattle-prone" goods, the clanging trams, the worn-out taxi-cabs, the clattering milk-carts.

Come to think of it, the noise in a city street was probably just as bad a century ago as it is to-day. Think of the iron-tyred coaches rattling over the cobbles, the groaning of wagon-wheels, the hammering of horses' hoofs! Imagine the babel of street cries, the fanfare of post-horns, the barking of dogs, the lowing of cattle in great droves being taken in their thousands to Smithfield! To-day we have silent cars.

Graceful yet sporting lines are a feature of this COUPÉ ON A 1934 STANDARD 10-12-H.P. SPEED CHASSIS.

Even the morning milk-carts, in many districts, are mounted on motor-car wheels and balloon tyres.

The quest for silence can well be pursued in other directions besides that of the private car. The builders of the Bentley have shown the world that a silent sports car of incomparable performance *can* be made. Let other sports-car manufacturers follow suit. And let those who design some of our finest motor-omnibuses cut out that truly "sports-car blare" of the exhausts of these leviathans.

. . . .

Autumn is always a sad time for me, for it means parting with a car to which I have become very much attached. For years I have made it a rule to sell my car in September, so that I can be among the first to take delivery of a next-season's model, and am thus able to pass on my experiences to my readers. Soon, alas! I shall have to bid farewell to my little apple-green Armstrong-Siddeley, one of the new sports coupés that have made such a hit. In ten thousand miles it has not once let me down. The Dunlop tyres have never been punctured. The coach-work, thanks to the excellent workmanship of Armstrong-Siddeley Motors, Ltd., is as fresh to-day as when I took delivery in February last. Even the cheerful green carpet in the front compartment shows not a trace of wear. Mechanically, the car is better than ever. On occasions the speedometer shows over 70 m.p.h. on a level road. I can run up to 50 on third, reach 60 m.p.h. from a standstill in just over 30 sec. And yet this is, for all its swift and graceful lines, the embodiment of safety and respectability—silent and certain always.

When my Armstrong-Siddeley passes into other hands, what will take its place? Even I do not know just yet, for I intend to scrutinise the whole range of cars on the British market before I make my choice. Price, comfort, performance. These are the three factors which will most affect my selection. But it will take a *very* good car to give me such good service and satisfaction as I have derived from my Armstrong-Siddeley "Twelve."

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(See page 456.) 5/9/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DLXIX.

THIS "NATURAL" BIDDING.

"I POINTED out that, while natural bids develop card sense, artificial bids (one club, two clubs, etc.) impair card sense. Consequently natural bids are best." This appeared in a Sunday paper. Readers of *The Sketch* will find nothing new in it: for years I have done little else than try to drive home the importance of developing card sense. At last (and, if I may say so, *as usual*) other writers have come into line with the view expressed in these notes.

A few weeks ago I wrote: "Common-sense bidding has not yet arrived in this country." I fear that the same must be said about "natural" bidding, and I take it "natural" and "common-sense" mean one and the same thing. The writer of the above goes on to explain the system of natural bidding. Up to a point, this is all very sound (albeit a little complicated), but later it gets all ga-ga and seems to leave the *natural* business in the lurch. It gets down to psychic or tactical bids, and if psychic opening bids are a paying proposition among expert players—well, I don't think much of the experts; and, anyhow, how can a psychic be "natural"? Worse still, the system has a "count"! "The Losing Trick Count" starts by explaining what may be counted as winners, and then, having got hold of that, you proceed to count up your losers; thus, instead of making one "count," which is bad enough, you make two, deduct one from the other, and there you are! "The method seems to me an exceptionally good one for preventing over-calling, and is well worth using and testing simultaneously with the bidder's valuation." Quite so, especially to test the bidder's accuracy in addition and subtraction; but is it going to teach him card sense, and is it common sense or "natural"? The only "count" a CARD-PLAYER wants is to count up the number of cards dealt to him to thirteen; any other "count"—winners, losers, or in valuation of high cards—just paralyses his card sense, about the same thing as applying a pole-axe to his card brain. Natural bidding may be *better* than artificial bidding, but it is not best; I suppose the deduction to be drawn is that natural bidding is not the same thing as COMMON-SENSE bidding, which definitely is the BEST.

B: Spades—Q, 3, 2. Hearts—Kn, 2. Clubs—10, 9. Diamonds—A, Q, 10, 9, 8, 3.

Y: Spades—7, 6, 5, 4. Hearts—K, 9, 8, 7. Clubs—K, Kn, 3, 2. Diamonds—2.

Z: Spades—Kn. Hearts—Q, 10, 6, 5. Clubs—Q, 7, 6, 5. Diamonds—K, 9, 8, 3.

A: Spades—A, K, 10, 9, 8. Hearts—A, 4, 3. Clubs—A, 8, 4. Diamonds—Kn, 7.

This was the hand given last week: A is playing four spades; Y leads the two of diamonds. A two must either be a singleton or a lead from exactly four cards—at least, it must be when the ridiculous fourth best lead is employed. Here Z knows it to be a singleton, and A would bet odds on it being single. A should play small in dummy, and hope that Z will play the game as per book—*i.e.*, put up the king and give his partner the ruff he asked for, *but probably does not want*. Then, if the trumps are divided, dummy gets in with the queen and runs off four diamond tricks; A making eleven tricks in all. That is what happened in one case. In another case, Z won the first trick, but wisely refrained from returning the lead, and A made ten tricks. In the cases where A did not give the cards (or his opponents) a chance, he only made nine tricks. Recognising the two of diamonds as a singleton, he jumped in dummy's ace, when it is clear that, even if the trumps are divided, four tricks must be lost. The interest in this hand is that under no circumstances should Z win trick one; dummy's hand is useless unless that diamond suit is cleared, but what is still more interesting is to wonder how many Z's would have the strength of mind to refuse the immediate winning of two tricks. I once said there is no good in winning tricks in a hurry unless that play in the long run is going to be beneficial to the partnership. This is a case in point, and it is also a case where player of the hand should *encourage* opponents to fall—ninety-nine times out of a hundred they will; and why not, when every book and most experts teach them to do so?

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, AUG. 29.

ACROSS.—1. Reviled. 5. Rash. 7. Espy. 10. Lowestoft. 11. Good. 13. Earl. 15. Career. 18. Sagely. 20. Suspect. 21. Noah. 22. Bean. 23. Adulate. 24. Ends. 25. Apse. 26. Reveals. 28. Tremor. 31. Eaters. 34. Used. 37. Fade. 38. Entrances. 39. Gate. 40. Skit. 41. Yorkist.

DOWN.—1. Rhodes. 2. View. 3. Lath. 4. Defeat. 5. Riga. 6. Sloe. 8. Stag. 9. Yell. 12. Organdies. 14. Receipted. 15. Content. 16. Ruddier. 17. Spelter. 18. Scuttle. 19. Yankees. 26. Rodney. 27. Safest. 29. Rung. 30. Meet. 32. Task. 33. Rest. 35. Brer. 36. Anti.

MAJOR BARCLAY, Flagstaff House, Seaview, Isle of Wight, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle in our issue of Aug. 22 to be first opened on Monday morning, Aug. 27. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to him.

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legs look slimmer or more rounded—as you will

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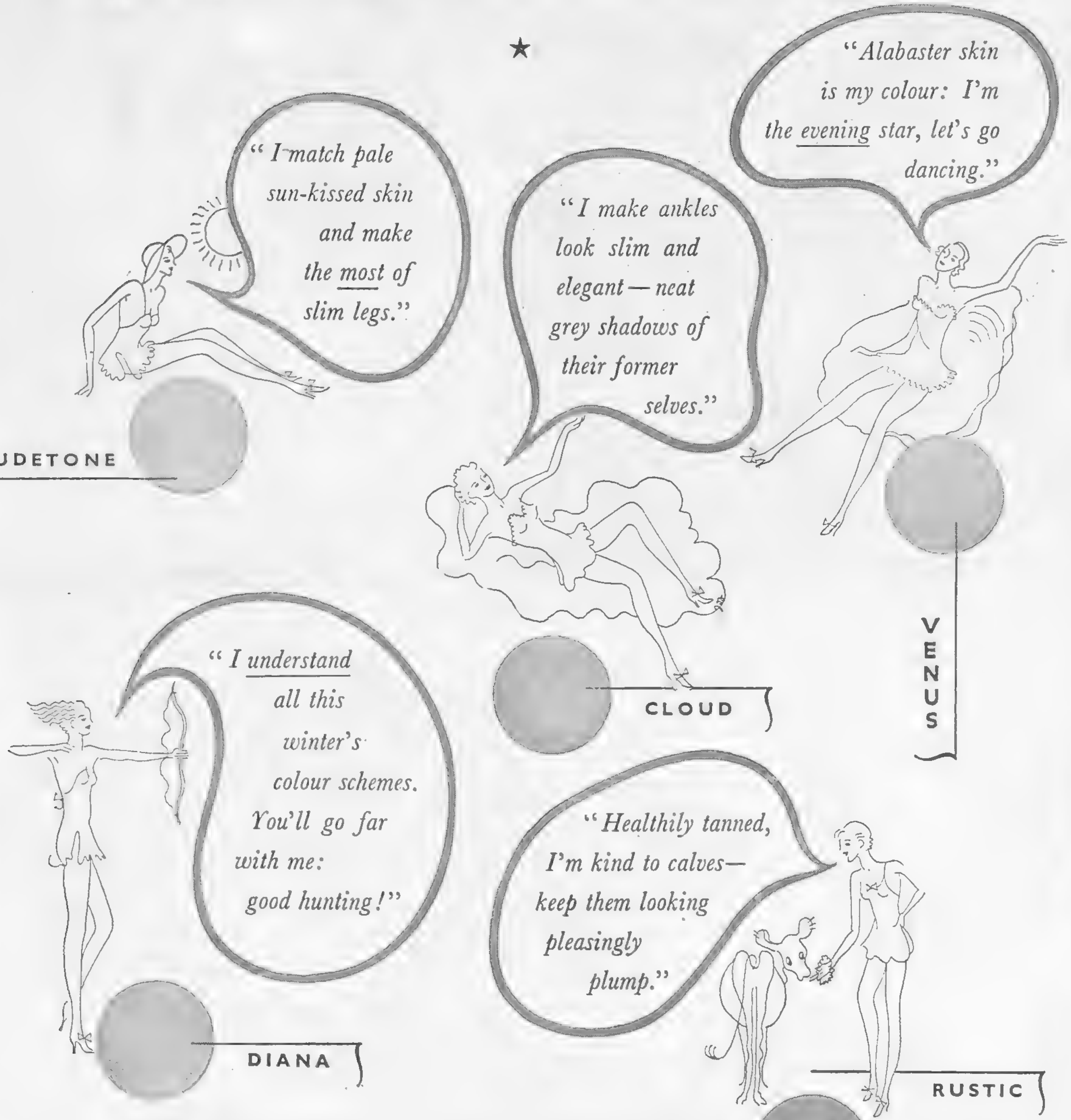

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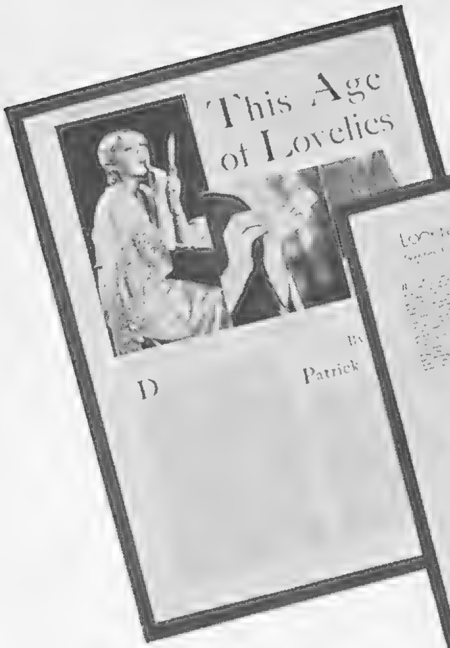

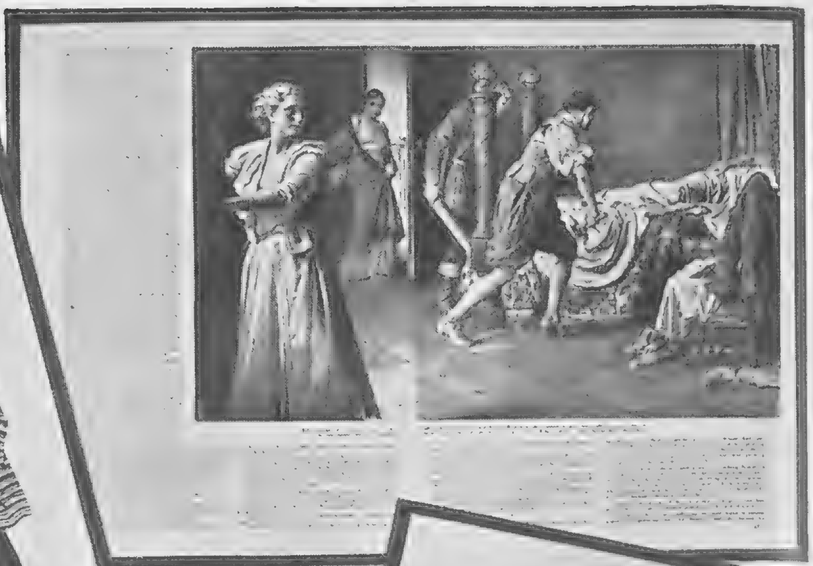

from "OLD TALES RE-TOLD."

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ENDEAVOUR . . . *by A. M. Kinnersley Saul.*
MR. PARLBUTT AND THE LOVE PHILTRE: *by Margery Lawrence.*
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FULL DRESS UNIFORM: *by Christine Jope-Slade.*
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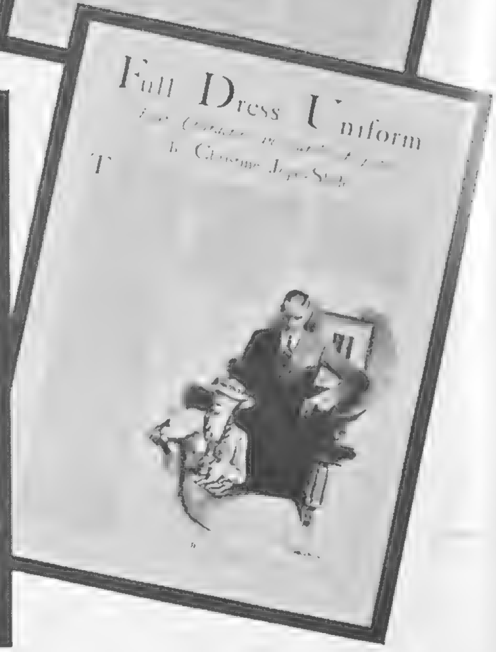
MOTORING: *by the Earl of Cardigan.*



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N.C.C.232.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(*Continued from Page 456.*)

to her erotic temperament. "The Arabs have never regarded me either as a man or a woman," she told her doctor, "but as an *être à part*." That is how she liked to be treated; that is the key to the latter part of her extraordinary career.

Miss Joan Haslip draws her portrait with great fairness and frankness. Sometimes her frankness rather gets the better of her. Commenting on the beginnings of Lady Hester's love-affair with Michael Bruce, she observes—

> Michael Bruce was a very passive lover, and he was far too deferential to take the initiative, while Hester possessed all the sexual self-consciousness of an elderly virgin.

Lady Hester would, no doubt, make a rewarding subject for psycho-analysis, but personally I am glad that Miss Haslip's excursions into this field are rare. She finds a world of entertainment (as who would not?) in the picturesque and sensational aspects of Lady Hester's life, and in so doing she does not distort the portrait; for picturesqueness and sensationalism became in the end her subject's chief preoccupations: she posed, even to herself.

She was not a nice character, nor does her biographer try to make her appear one. She was grateful, in youth, to her uncle, who gave her the shelter of his home (Pitt was surely one of the most amiable great men in history), but she seems to have felt hardly a pang at Camelford's death, and of Dr. Meryon, the being to whom, perhaps, she owed most in the world, she wrote—

> Recollect that his *only* good quality in my sight is, I believe, being very honest in money matters, no other do I grant him; without judgment, without heart, he goes through the world, like many others, blundering his way.

And this was the man who had given the best years of his life to her service. Certainly, she was an unpleasant woman, arrogant, inconsiderate, cruel; a large-scale edition of Lady Clara Vere de Vere. One cannot even feel sorry for her, dying almost alone amid her diminished splendours. One must look at her with detachment as a strange phenomenon produced by a hyper-civilised society: "the last of the eccentrics, the first of the pioneers." Miss Haslip's admirable biography enables us to gaze our full at this portent, without for a moment being conscious of disillusion. For whether mad or not, Lady Hester played her amazing, self-chosen rôle with unflagging vigour to the end. Individualism has had more amiable exponents, but never a doughtier one than she.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Lord Oxford's Letters to a Friend. Second Series. Edited by Desmond MacCarthy. (*Geoffrey Bles; 10s. 6d.*)

Lady Hester Stanhope. By Joan Haslip. (*Cobden Sanderson; 10s. 6d.*)

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"TOUCH WOOD" (Haymarket). 8.15.—Another triumph for C. L. Anthony. Cast, acting, and production first-rate. Marie Ney, Flora Robson, Ian Hunter, Dorothy Hyson.

THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE, Regent's Park. 8.—Season of Shakespeare and other plays, and ballet; delightful surroundings, fine acting and dancing.

"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Savoy). 8.30.—Colin Keith-Johnston as the hero.

"LABURNUM GROVE" (Queen's). 8.30.—Edmund Gwenn excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy.

"LIVING DANGEROUSLY" (Strand). 8.30.—Exciting melodrama of two doctors. Good acting. Godfrey Tearle, Martin Walker, Carol Goodner.

"VINTAGE WINE" (Daly's). 8.30.—Seymour Hicks in effervescence and deception. Claire Luce as his young wife, and Julia Neilson as his mother.

"SPORTING LOVE" (Gaiety). 8.30.—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino in a rollicking show; good music and dancing.

"SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC" (Saville). 8.30.—Viola Tree, Reginald Purdell, and some crack dancers in a musical entertainment.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"MEN IN WHITE" (Lyric). 8.30.—Gripping drama with a hospital setting.

"ADMIRALS ALL" (Shaftesbury). 8.30.—Amphibious comedy, with Laura La Plante, Clive Currie, etc.

"SIXTEEN" (Criterion.) 8.30.—Whimsical drama, brilliantly acted by cast including Owen Nares and Muriel Aked.

"FAMILY AFFAIRS" (Ambassadors). 8.30.—Family entanglements unravelled by Lilian Braithwaite, as a benevolent matriarch. The cast includes Athene Seyler and Jack Livesey.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"BLOSSOM TIME" (Regal).—For the magic of Herr Tauber's voice and Schubert's immortal music.

"CHU CHIN CHOW" (Tivoli).—Spectacular screen version of the famous musical comedy.

"LITTLE FRIEND" (New Gallery).—The auspicious début of a British child star, Nova Pilbeam.

"THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Fredric March and Constance Bennett in a light-hearted dip into history.

"A CUP OF KINDNESS" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—The old Aldwych team in fine form.

"CLEOPATRA" (Carlton).—A visit to Ancient Egypt with Cecil B. de Mille.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"CES MESSIEURS DE LA SANTÉ" (Academy).—A clever financial satire, starring Raimu.

A FILM ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

"THE MARRIAGE SYMPHONY" (Plaza).—Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard in domestic dissonance.

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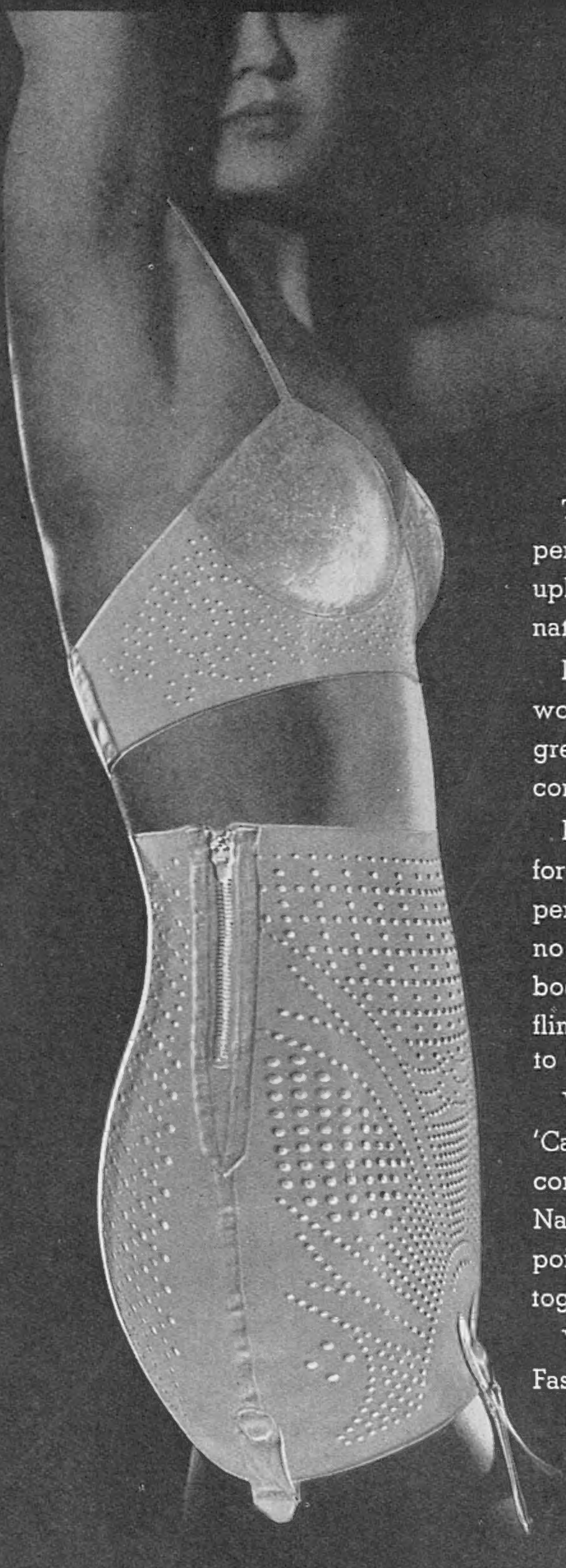

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